

DELL

AUG.-SEPT. 10¢

GUNSMOKE

His "Badge of Honor"
became their target!



"Fresh up
Freddie
says:

"RIGHT NOW, you're probably asking yourself-

**What do Alligator-wrestlers
drink to quench their thirsts?"**



"Alligator-wrestling in the hot sun all day is hard work.
Ask any member of the Alligator-wrestlers' union!"



"Sometimes I get so thirsty I hardly notice that
the alligator is chewing on my arm."



"That's when I give Old Cruncher
a fast flip, and have a 7-Up! It's
the real thirst-quencher. Nothing
does it like 7-Up!"

*Copyright 1957 Walt Disney Productions



Next time you're wrestling alligators—
or doing anything that makes you
thirsty—have a 7-Up! "Fresh up"
Freddie always says: "Fresh up"
with Seven-Up!"



Copyright 1958 by The Seven-Up Company

See Freddie on TV! Watch Zorro*... from Walt Disney Studios every week on ABC-TV

GUNSMOKE

THE DEADLY DUDE



WHOOEEE! THINGS SURE ARE POPPING SINCE THAT TURKEY TRACK OUTFIT RODE INTO DODGE, MR. DILLON!

THEY'VE POPPED LONG ENOUGH, CHESTER! I'M ENDING IT RIGHT NOW!



LIGHT DOWN, MISTER! THE PARTY'S OVER!

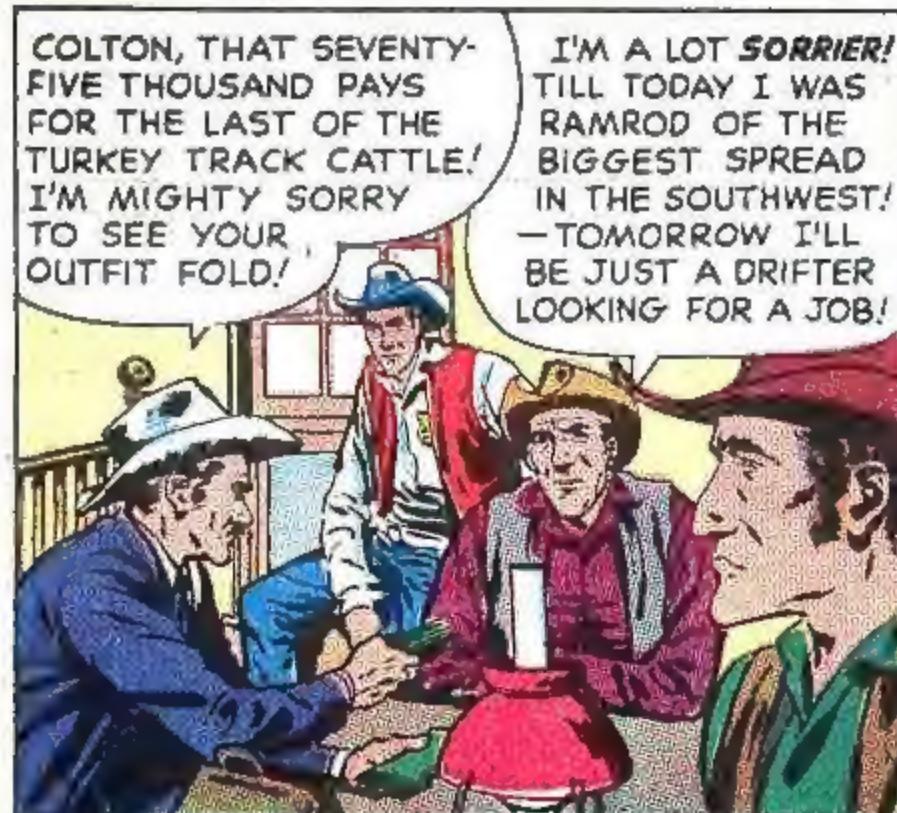


PUT HIM IN THE COOLER, CHESTER! I'VE GOT TO GO OVER TO DODGE HOUSE! THERE'S A BIG DEAL ON AND THEY WANT ME TO GUARD THE MONEY!

ALL RIGHT, MR. DILLON!

HOTEL

SOON AFTERWARD IN DODGE HOUSE...



COLTON, THAT SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND PAYS FOR THE LAST OF THE TURKEY TRACK CATTLE! I'M MIGHTY SORRY TO SEE YOUR OUTFIT FOLD!

I'M A LOT **SORRIER!** TILL TODAY I WAS RAMROD OF THE BIGGEST SPREAD IN THE SOUTHWEST! —TOMORROW I'LL BE JUST A DRIFTER LOOKING FOR A JOB!



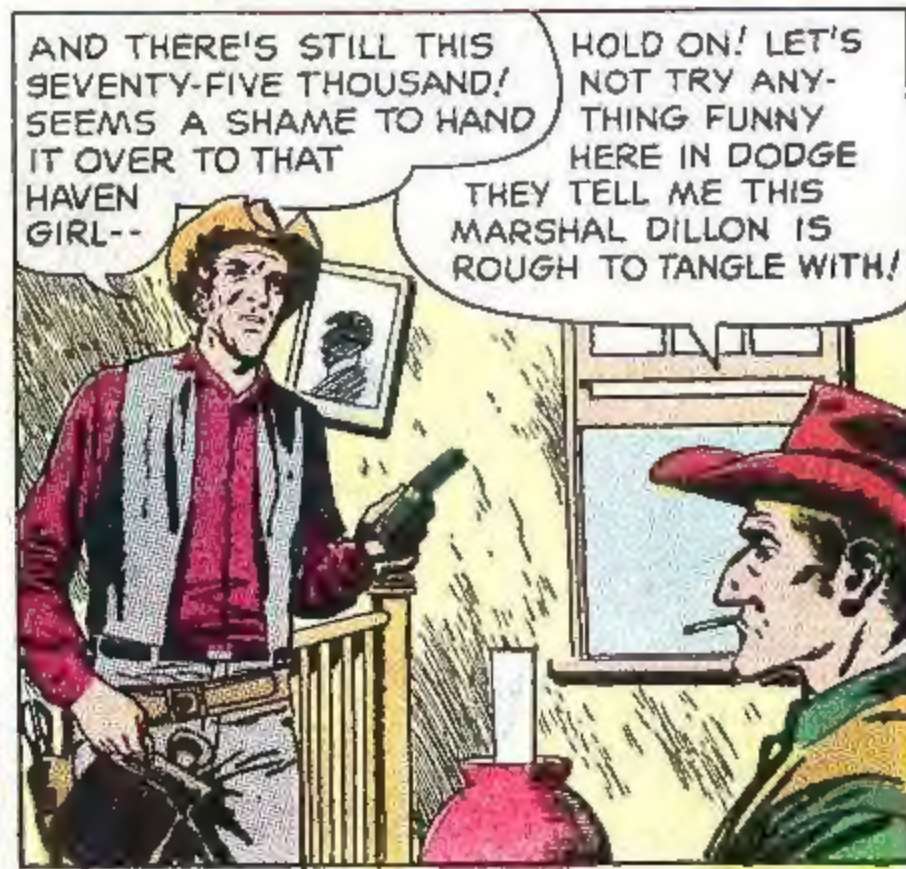
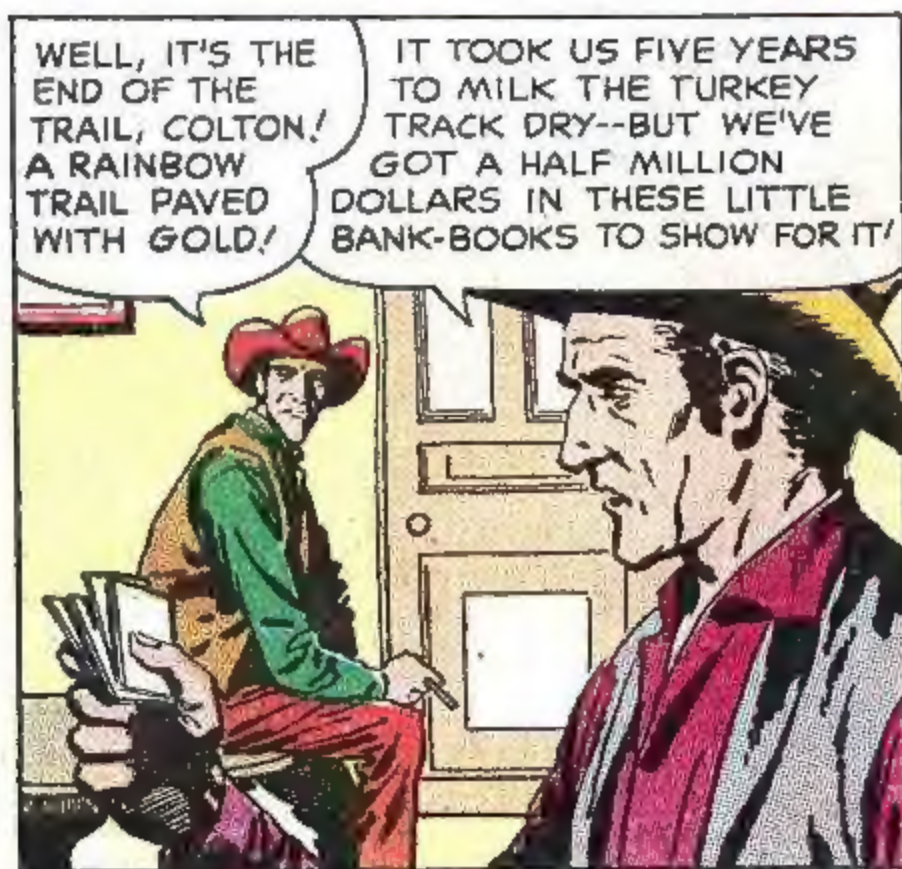
I'VE HEARD ABOUT THE TURKEY TRACK'S BAD LUCK--THEY SAY DROUGHT, BLIZZARDS AND DISEASES JUST ABOUT WIPED YOU OUT!

THAT'S WHY MISS HAVEN OUR BOSS LADY ORDERED US TO SELL OUT! I'M MEETING HER HERE SOON WITH THIS MONEY, MARSHAL!

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DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS



LOOKS LIKE DILLON WILL HAVE ENOUGH ON HIS HANDS JUST RIDING HERD ON OUR TURKEY TRACK BOYS!



MEANWHILE, AT THE DEPOT...

WELCOME TO DODGE, TENDERFOOT! WE'RE HAVING A LITTLE DANCE TO CELEBRATE! AND YOU'RE THE GUEST OF HONOR!

JOLLY NICE OF YOU, OLD MAN! BUT IT WASN'T NECESSARY YOU KNOW!



AND HERE'S THE LATEST STEP FROM LONDON-- OH, EXCUSE ME!

YOWWWW! MY HAND!



MY DEAR FELLOW-- YOUR GUN'S ALL CHOKED WITH MUD! **DEUCED CLUMSY** OF ME!

HOLD ON, CHESTER! SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT TENDERFOOT CAN HANDLE THIS BY HIMSELF!



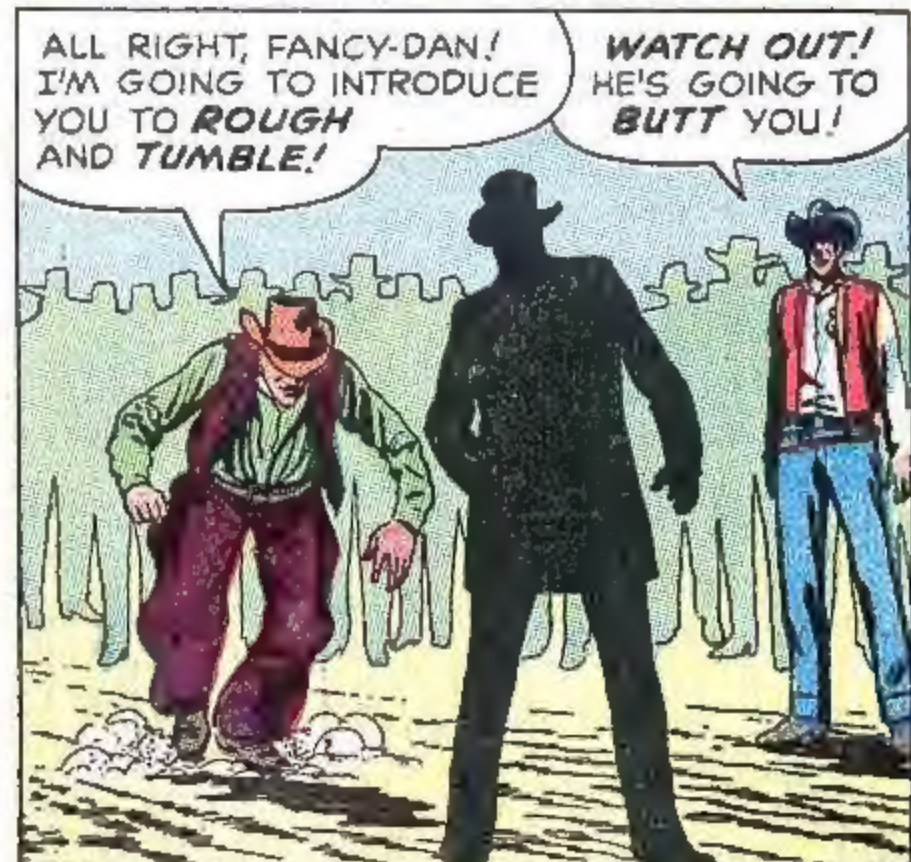
SMART ALECK, EH! I OUGHT TO--

DEAR ME! FISTICUFFS! OF COURSE WE'LL USE THE **MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY RULES!**



ALL RIGHT, FANCY-DAN! I'M GOING TO INTRODUCE YOU TO **ROUGH AND TUMBLE!**

WATCH OUT! HE'S GOING TO **BUTT** YOU!





PARDON MY ELBOW, OLD MAN! YOU REALLY SHOULD STICK TO THE RULES, YOU KNOW!

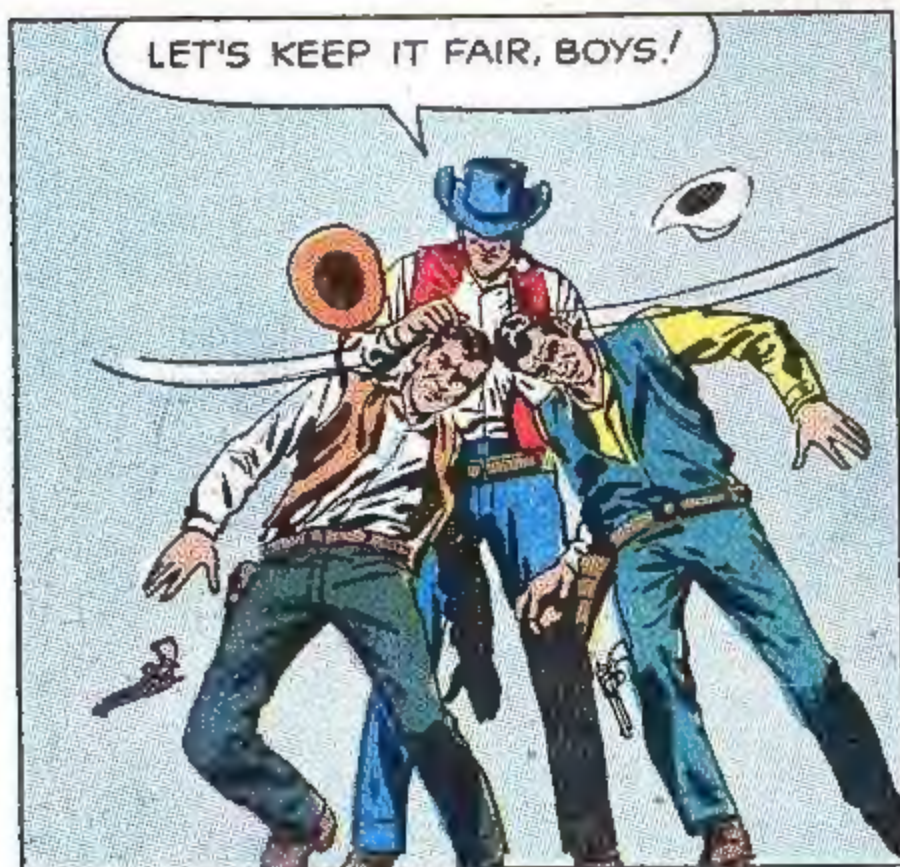
WOW! THAT DUDE IS REALLY SINKING HIS SPURS INTO HIM!



JUST THEN...

COME ON, CURLY, NO TENDERFOOT CARVES HIS BRAND ON A *TURKEY TRACK RIDER*!

MORE TROUBLE'S BREWING! I'D BETTER PUT A STOP TO THIS!



LET'S KEEP IT FAIR, BOYS!



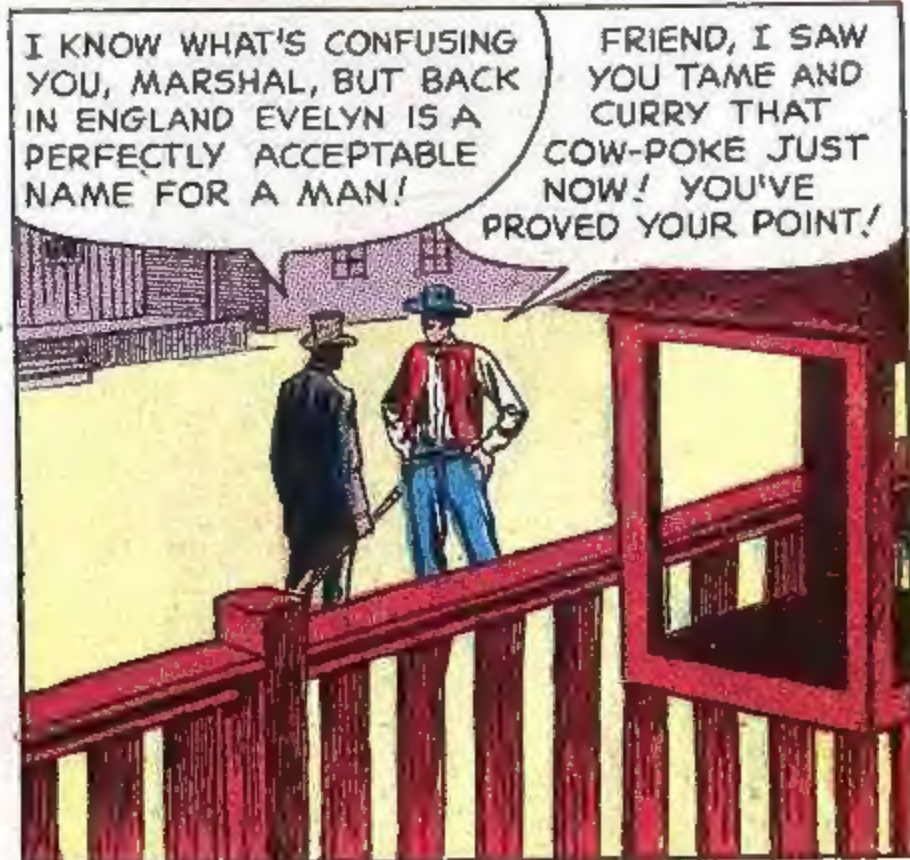
MY THANKS, SIR, BUT I REALLY COULD HAVE HANDLED THOSE BOUNDERS WITH MY WEBLEY!

IT'S MY JOB, STRANGER! I'M MATT DILLON, THE MARSHAL HERE IN DODGE! BETTER PUT THAT PEA-SHOOTER AWAY!



OH, THE LOCAL CONSTABLE! PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF! I'M EVELYN HAVEN, OWNER OF THE TURKEY TRACK RANCH!

EVE--EVELYN HAVEN!



I KNOW WHAT'S CONFUSING YOU, MARSHAL, BUT BACK IN ENGLAND EVELYN IS A PERFECTLY ACCEPTABLE NAME FOR A MAN!

FRIEND, I SAW YOU TAME AND CURRY THAT COW-POKE JUST NOW! YOU'VE PROVED YOUR POINT!

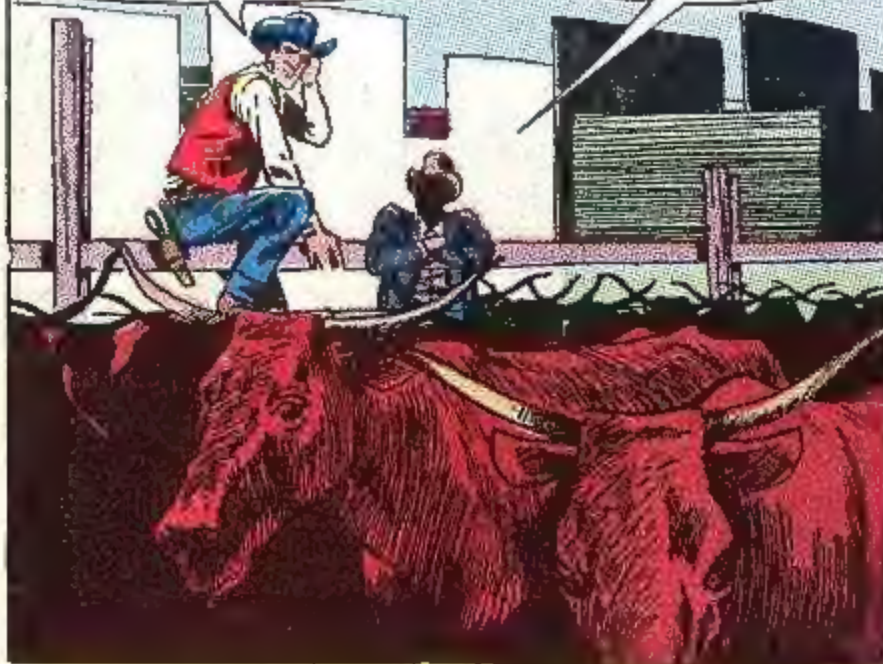
SORRY TO
HEAR ABOUT
YOUR TURKEY
TRACK FOLDING!

THE ENTIRE HAVEN FAMILY
FORTUNE WAS INVESTED IN
THE RANCH! AND THE
PITY OF IT IS, I NEVER
EVEN GOT TO **SEE** A
TURKEY TRACK STEER!



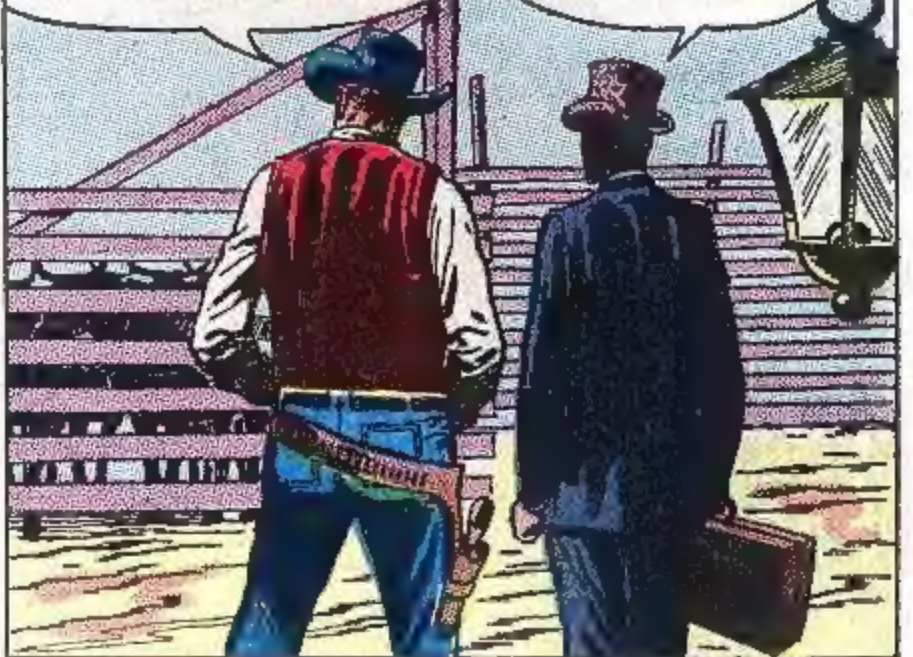
I'D SAY SO—CONSIDERING
WHAT TURKEY TRACK
STOCK HAS GONE
THROUGH, LATELY!

I THINK I
KNOW WHAT
YOU MEAN,
MARSHAL!



THERE'S YOUR LAST
HERD—STILL IN THE
SHIPPING PENS WAITING
TO BE LOADED INTO
THE CATTLE CAR!

SO **THAT'S** WHAT
LONGHORNS LOOK
LIKE! HUSKY
BRUTES, AREN'T
THEY?



MR. DILLON, I HAVE SOME
BUSINESS TO TRANSACT
WITH MY FOREMAN, CRAG
COLTON! I WONDER IF
YOU'D BE GOOD ENOUGH
TO COME WITH ME!

BE GLAD TO!
I'VE GOT SOME
BUSINESS WITH
COLTON MYSELF!



SOON IN THE DODGE HOUSE...

WELL, I'LL BE SWITCHED,
HIS PAPERS CHECK OUT!
HE REALLY IS
EVELYN HAVEN!

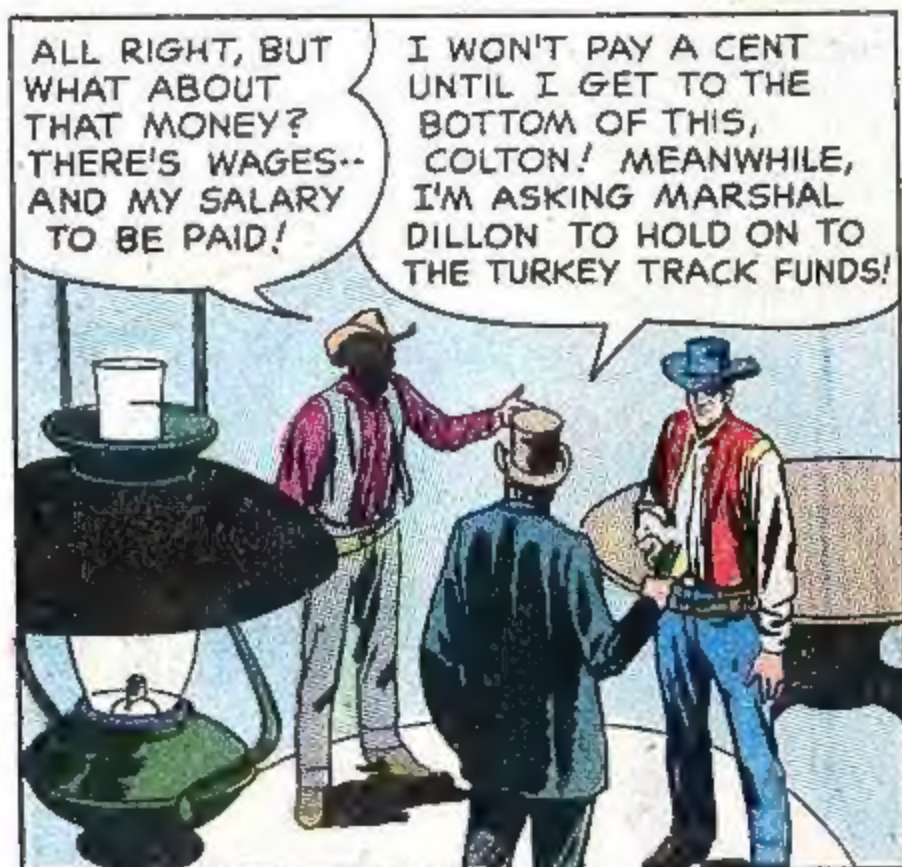
THEN I
GUESS
THIS MONEY
IS ALL YOURS,
MR. HAVEN!



IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT WE
LOST PLENTY DURING THE
DRY SPELLS AND
THE BLIZZARDS!

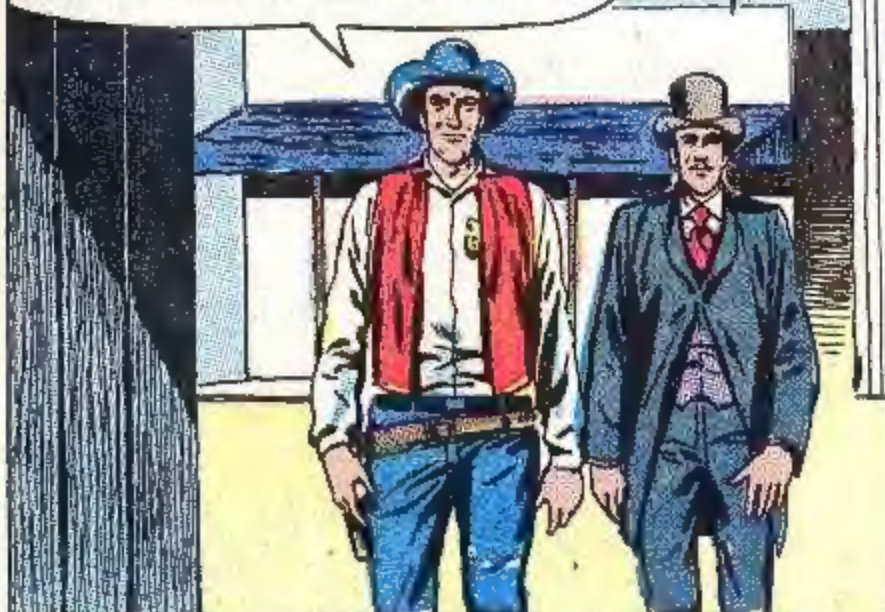
THAT'S WHAT
WE WANTED TO
TALK TO YOU
ABOUT, COLTON!





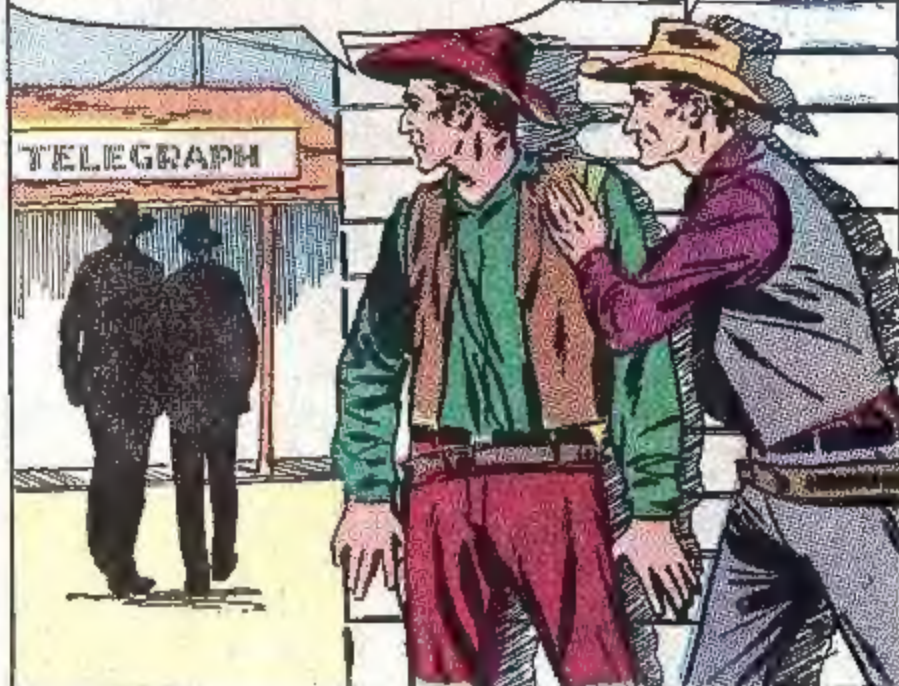
WE CAN CHECK COLTON'S STORY BY SENDING A TELEGRAM TO THE SHERIFF DOWN IN THE TURKEY TRACK RANGE! HE COULD SEND US THE FACTS IN SHORT ORDER!

A **SPLendid** IDEA, MARSHAL!



HAVEN AND DILLON ARE HEADED INTO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE! WONDER WHAT **THIS** IS ALL ABOUT!

LET'S LISTEN AT THE SIDE WINDOW!



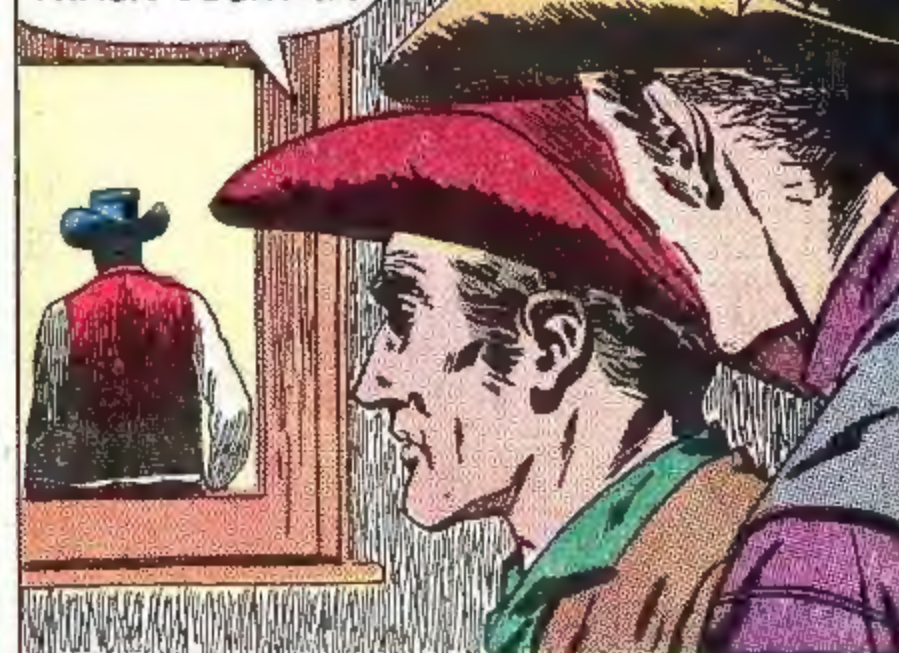
IT'LL TAKE ABOUT AN HOUR FOR THE ANSWER TO YOUR TELEGRAM TO RED CREEK, MARSHAL!

I'LL BE BACK ABOUT THEN!



RED CREEK! THAT'S RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TURKEY TRACK COUNTRY!

DILLON MUST BE CHECKING ON US WITH THE LAWMEN THERE! THAT'S BAD!



I DON'T LIKE IT, COLTON!

EASE OFF! THE FIRST THING TO DO IS FIND OUT WHAT WAS IN THAT TELEGRAM!



ABOUT AN HOUR LATER...

HERE IT IS!

HOWDY! MARSHAL DILLON ASKED ME TO PICK UP THAT TELEGRAM HE WAS EXPECTING!



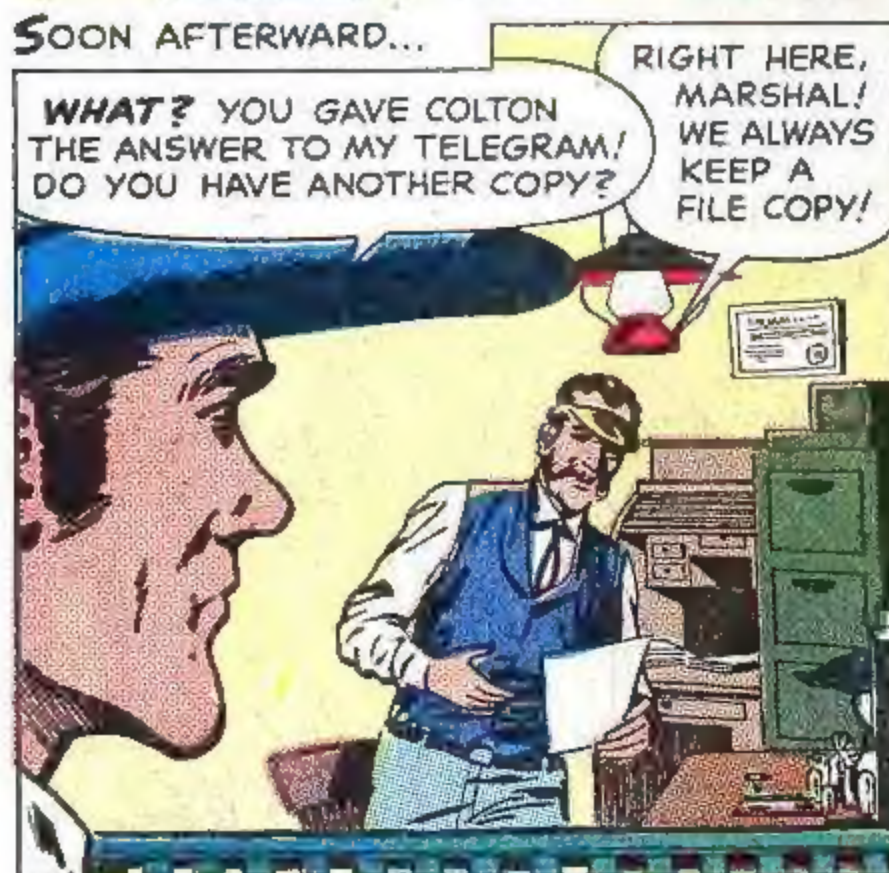


"IN ANSWER TO YOUR QUERY. NO DROUGHT FOR PAST FOUR YEARS. MILD WINTERS. NO CATTLE FEVER. (SIGNED)--SHERIFF RED CREEK."

COLTON, WE'LL HAVE TO GET OUT OF DODGE FAST!



WE WILL--BUT WE'RE TAKING THAT SEVENTY-FIVE THOUSAND *WITH US!*



SOON AFTERWARD...

WHAT? YOU GAVE COLTON THE ANSWER TO MY TELEGRAM! DO YOU HAVE ANOTHER COPY?

RIGHT HERE, MARSHAL! WE ALWAYS KEEP A FILE COPY!



NO WONDER COLTON WAS ANXIOUS TO READ THIS MESSAGE!



MEANWHILE, AT THE SIDE WINDOW OF THE DODGE JAIL...

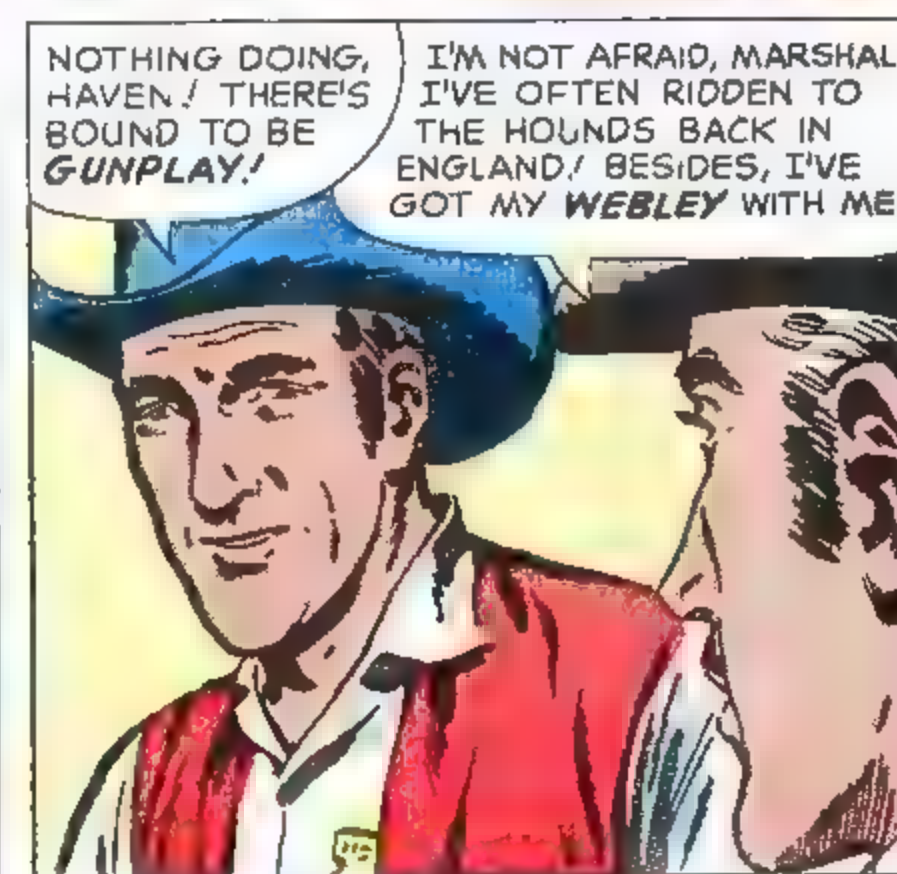
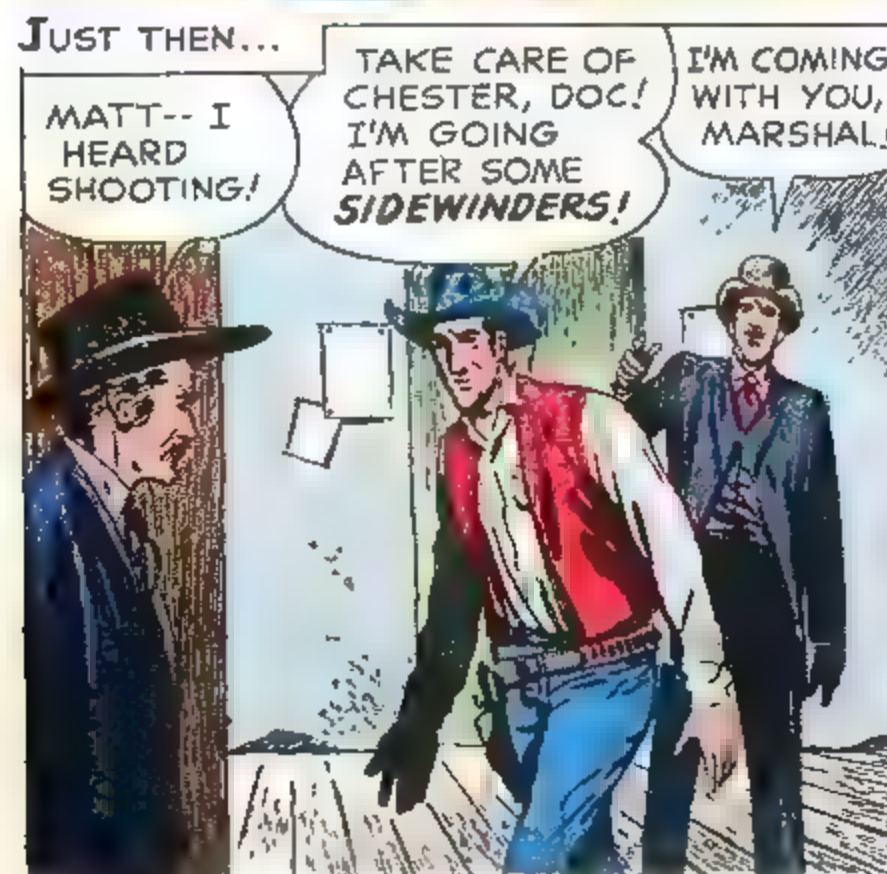
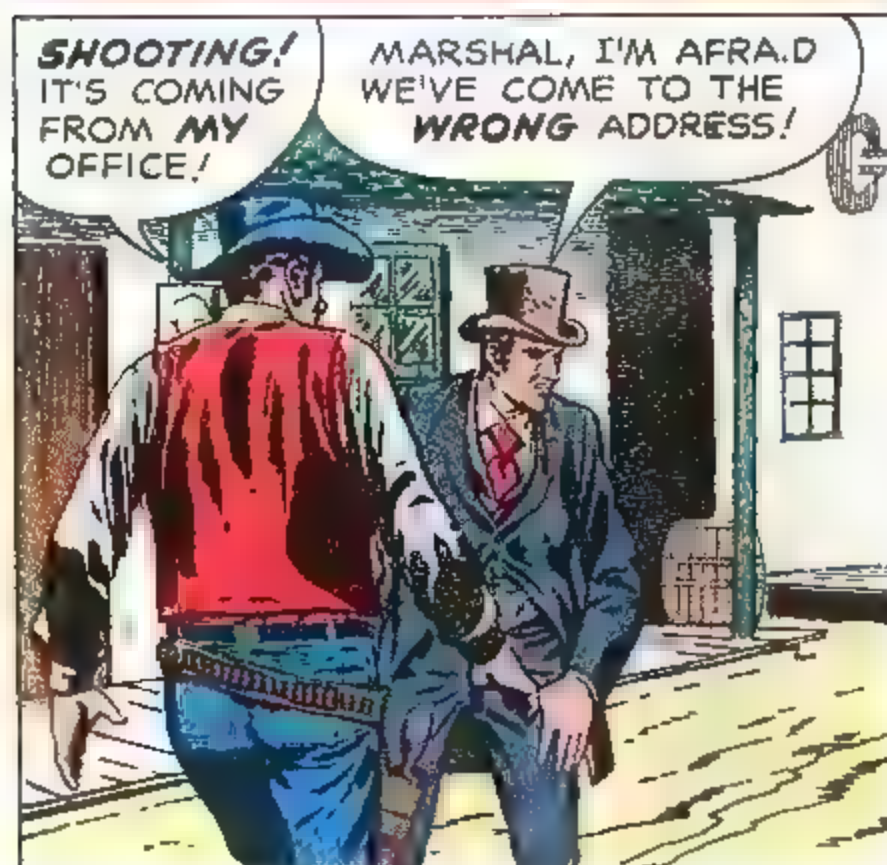
THERE'S THE MARSHAL'S DEPUTY BUT I DON'T SEE THE **MONEY BAG!** WE'LL LOSE TIME IF WE TRY TO FIND IT!

I KNOW HOW TO LOCATE THAT MONEY--**FAST!**

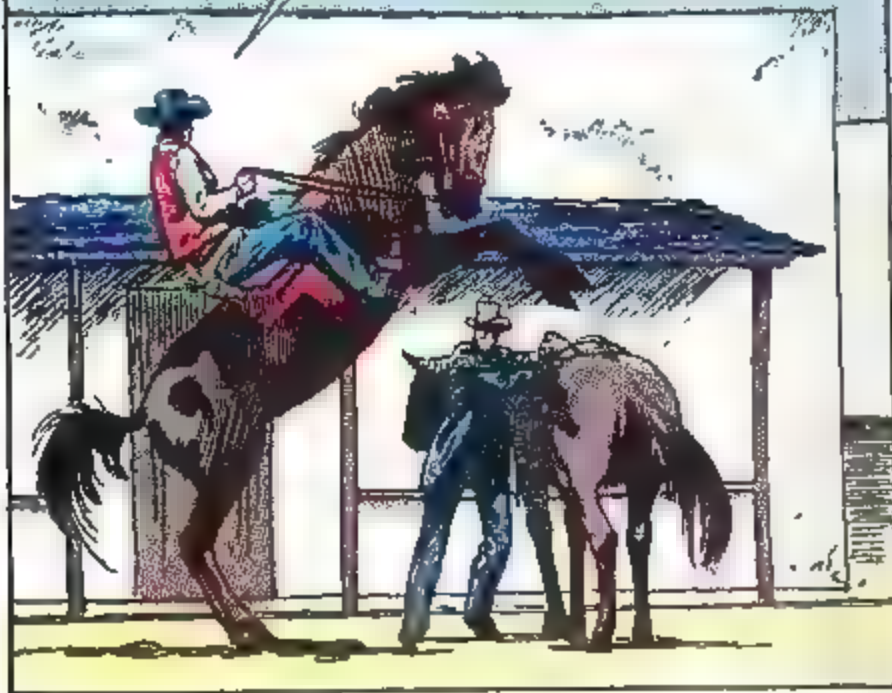


I'M THE RAMROD OF THE TURKEY TRACK! I JUST HEARD SOMEBODY STOLE OUR MONEY OUT OF THE JAIL!

STOLEN? WHY THAT'S **PLUMB FOOLISHNESS!** THE MONEY'S RIGHT HERE IN THIS **DRAWER!**



ALL RIGHT, TAKE CHESTER'S HORSE AND LET'S GO!

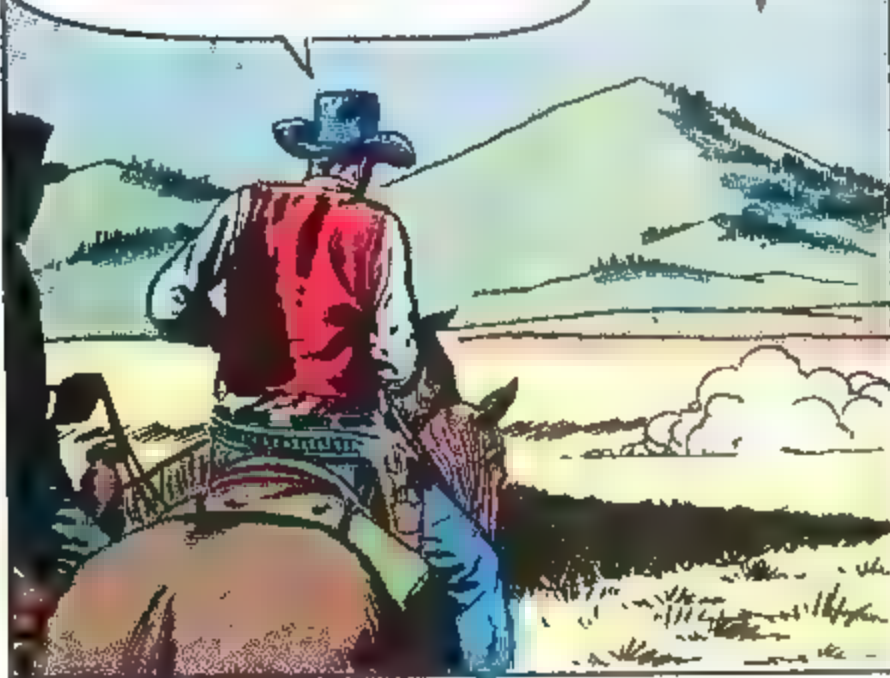


THAT **DUST CLOUD**--SOMEBODY'S MOVING FAST TOWARD COW CREEK!

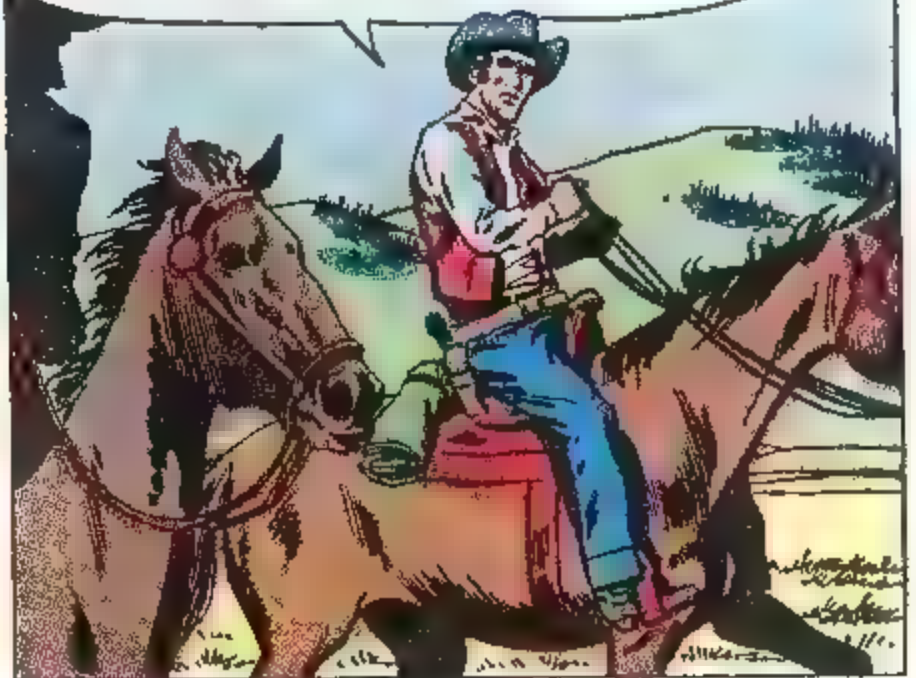


BUT A MILE DOWN THE TRAIL...

HOLD IT! SOMETHING'S WRONG! THERE'S ONLY **ONE** SET OF HOOFPRIINTS HEADING TOWARD COW CREEK!



WE'VE BEEN **TRICKED**! THEY SENT A **RIDERLESS** HORSE DOWN THIS TRAIL TO RAISE THAT DUST CLOUD AND DECOY US! HEAD BACK UP THE TRAIL!



HERE'S, WHERE THEY TURNED OFF!
IT WON'T BE TOO HARD TO RUN THEM DOWN!



THERE THEY ARE!





PUT THAT THING AWAY, HAVEN! YOU CAN'T HURT ANYONE WITH THAT **PEA-SHOOTER!**

I CAN **TRY**, MARSHAL!

BANG!
BANG!

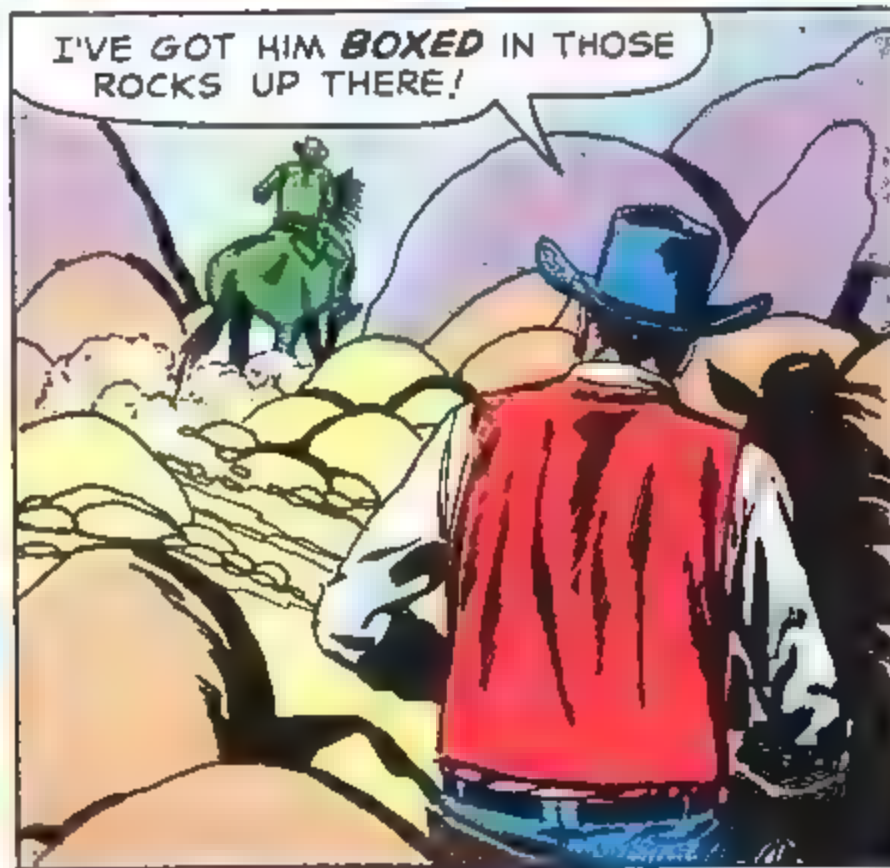


YOU HIT SHAVIN!

I'VE WON A FEW TARGET MATCHES IN MY TIME!



STAY WITH HIM, HAVEN! I'LL KEEP AFTER COLTON!

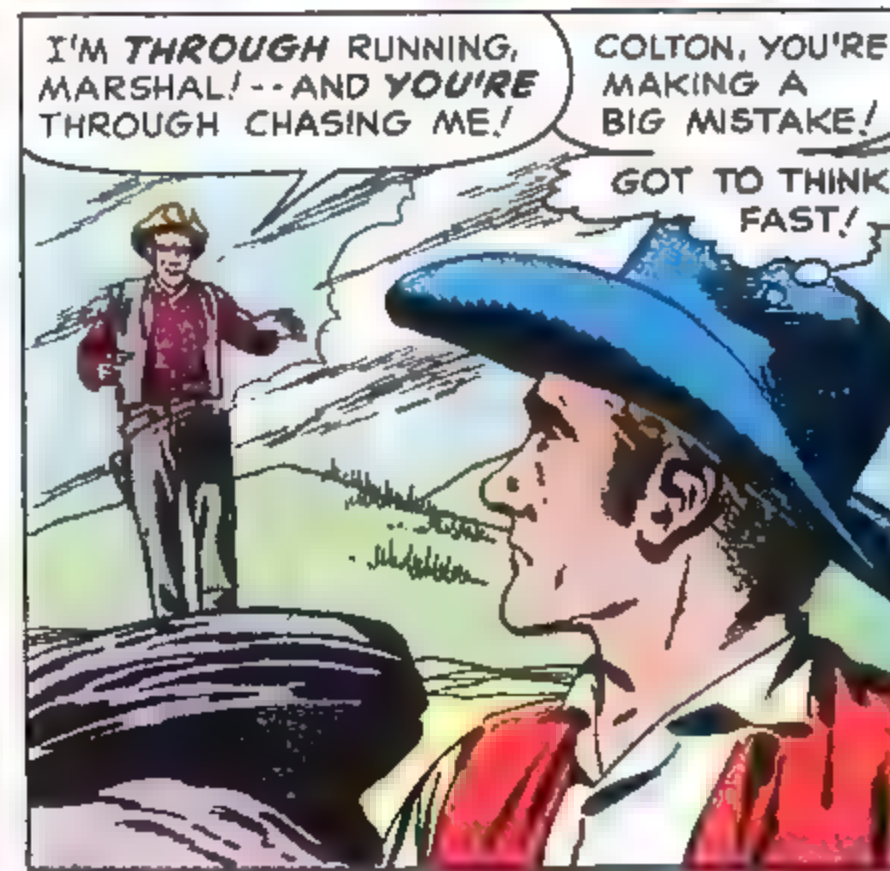


I'VE GOT HIM **BOXED** IN THOSE ROCKS UP THERE!



THERE'S HIS HORSE-- BUT COLTON'S NOWHERE IN SIGHT!

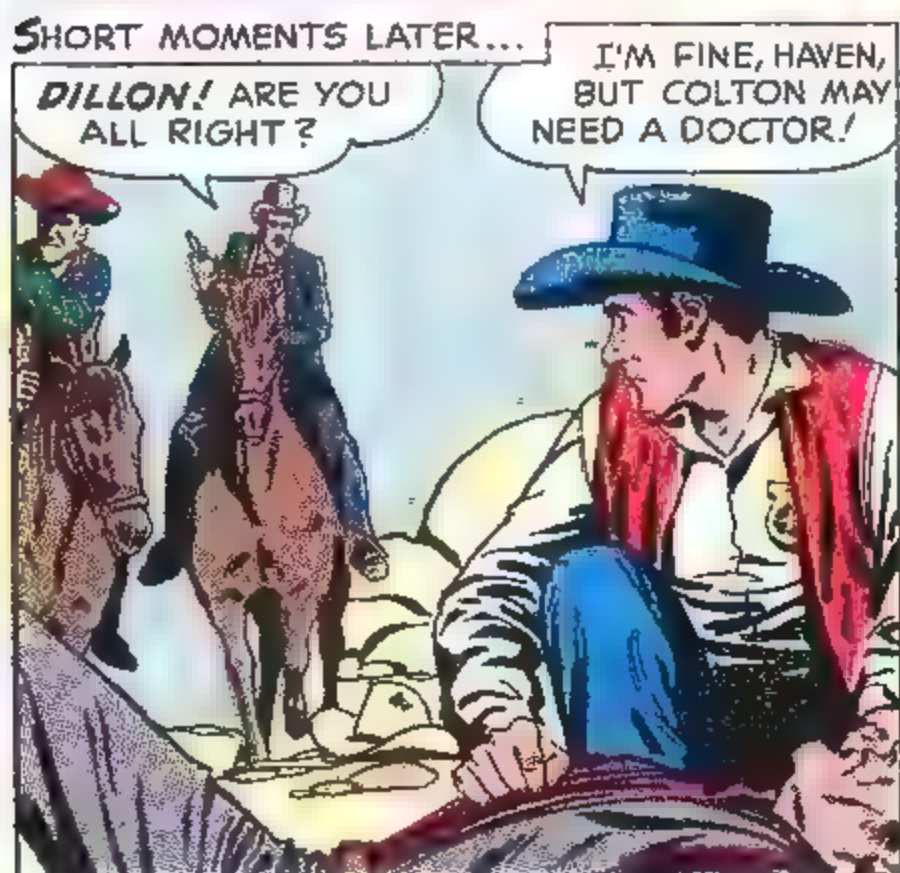
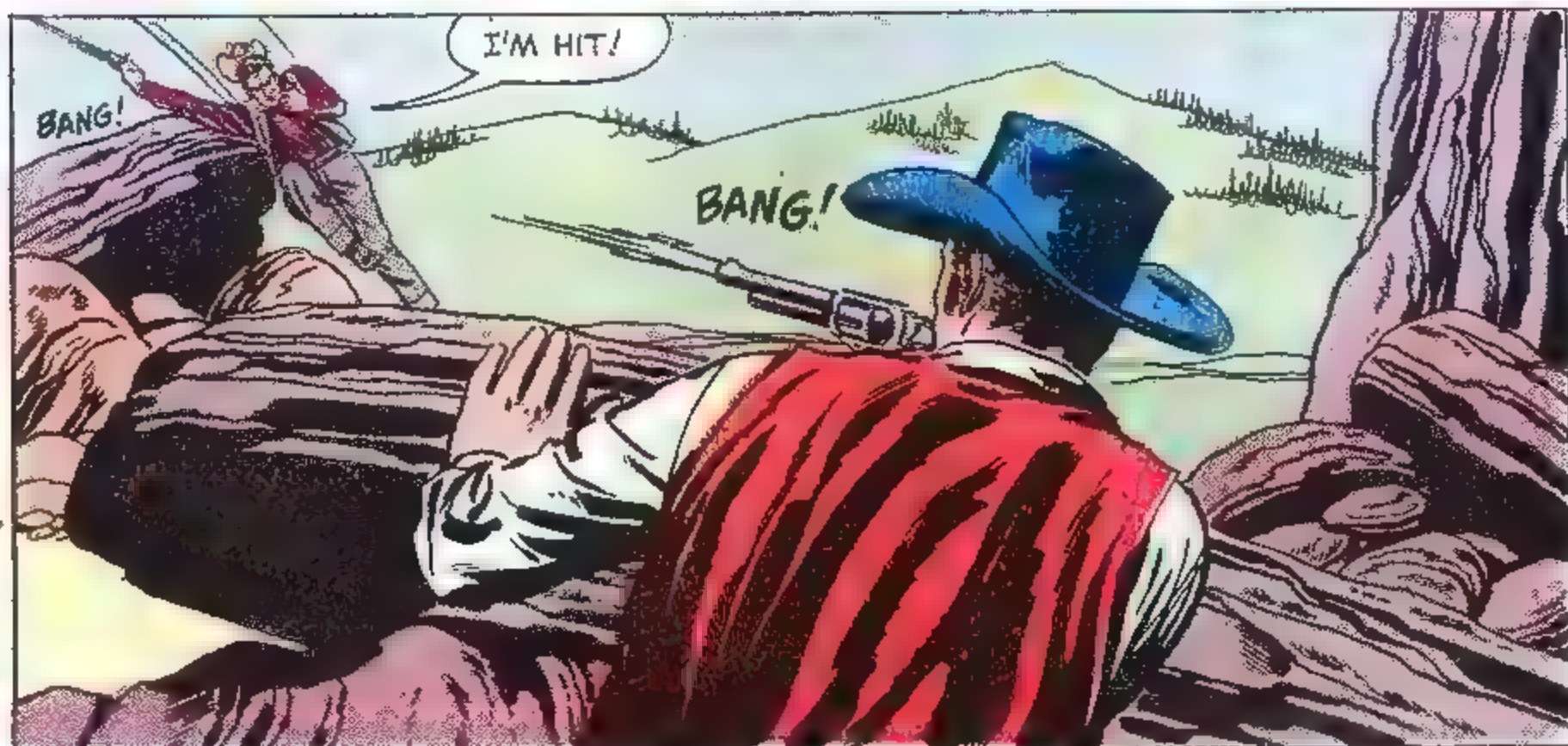
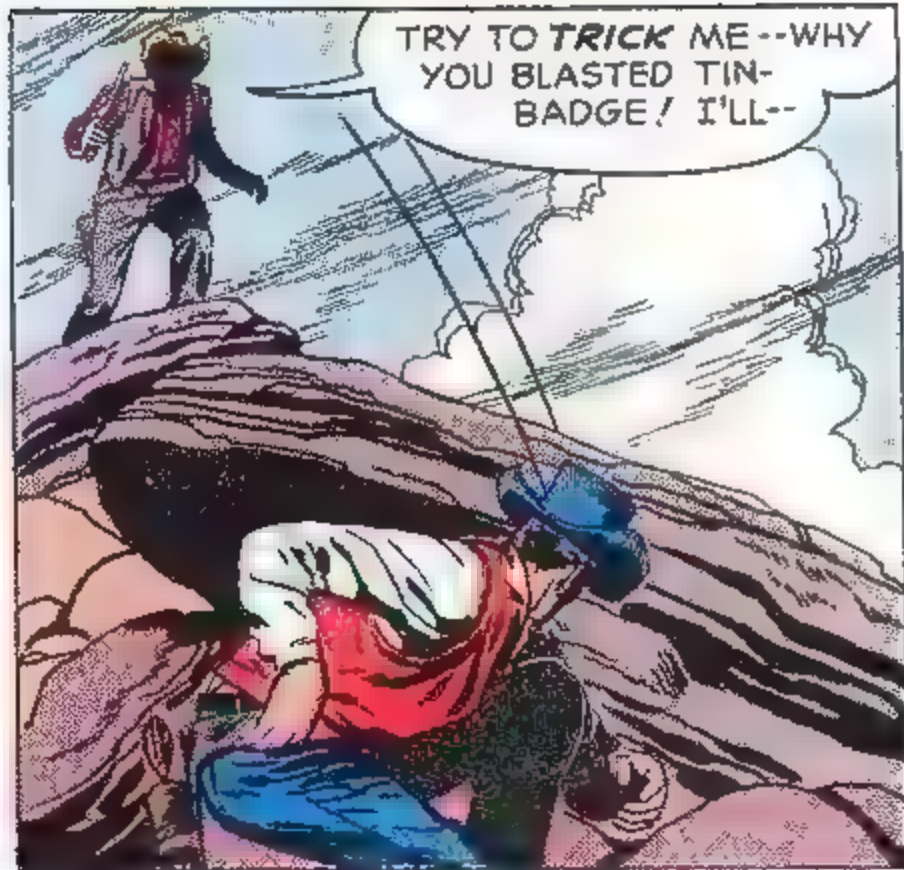
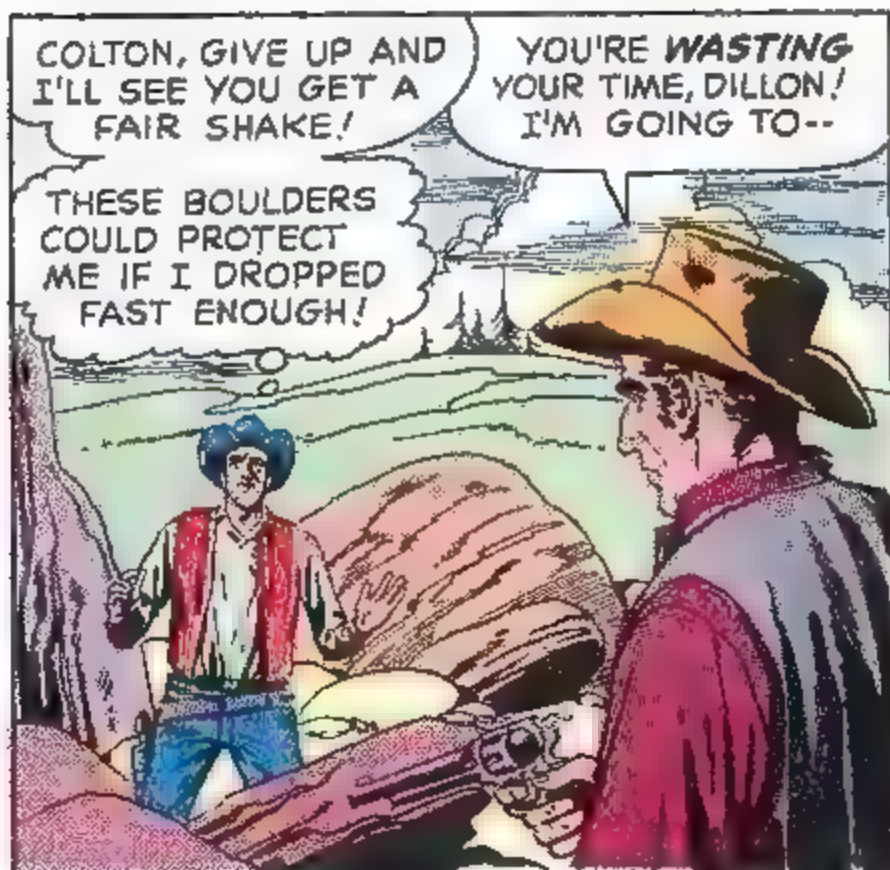
I'M RIGHT **BE-HIND** YOU, DILLON!



I'M **THROUGH** RUNNING, MARSHAL! -- AND **YOU'RE** THROUGH CHASING ME!

COLTON, YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!

GOT TO THINK FAST!

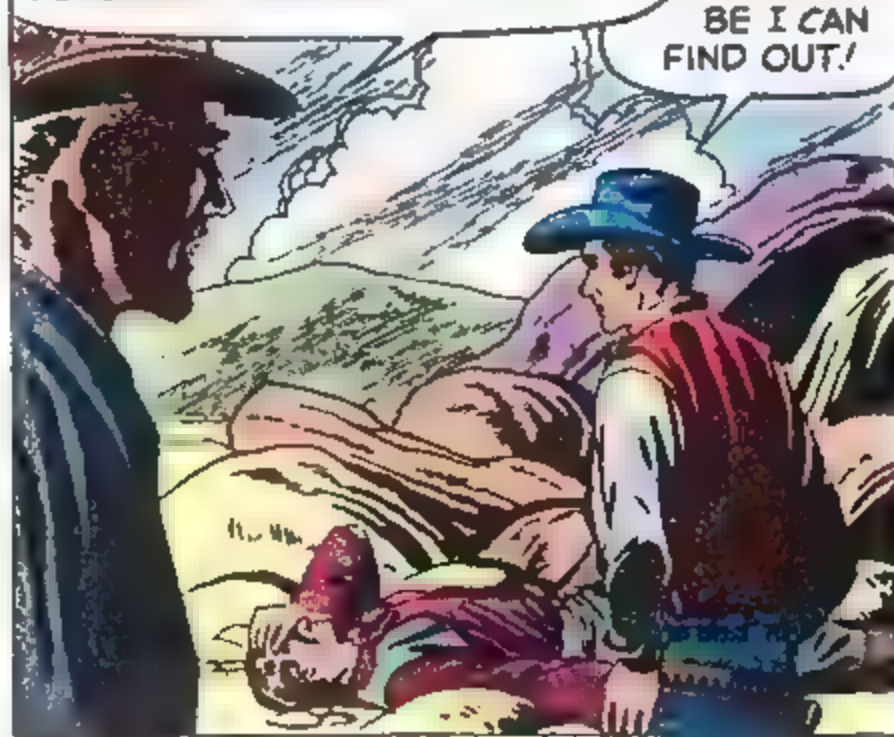


GREAT DAY! A HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND DEPOSITED IN SAN ANTONIO--
ANOTHER HUNDRED THOUSAND IN KANSAS CITY. AND **TWICE** THAT IN ST. LOUIS!



BY GEORGE! HE HAS ALMOST A **HALF MILLION DOLLARS** ON DEPOSIT! WHERE DID HE GET IT?

HE'S COM-
ING TO
NOW! MAY-
BE I CAN
FIND OUT!



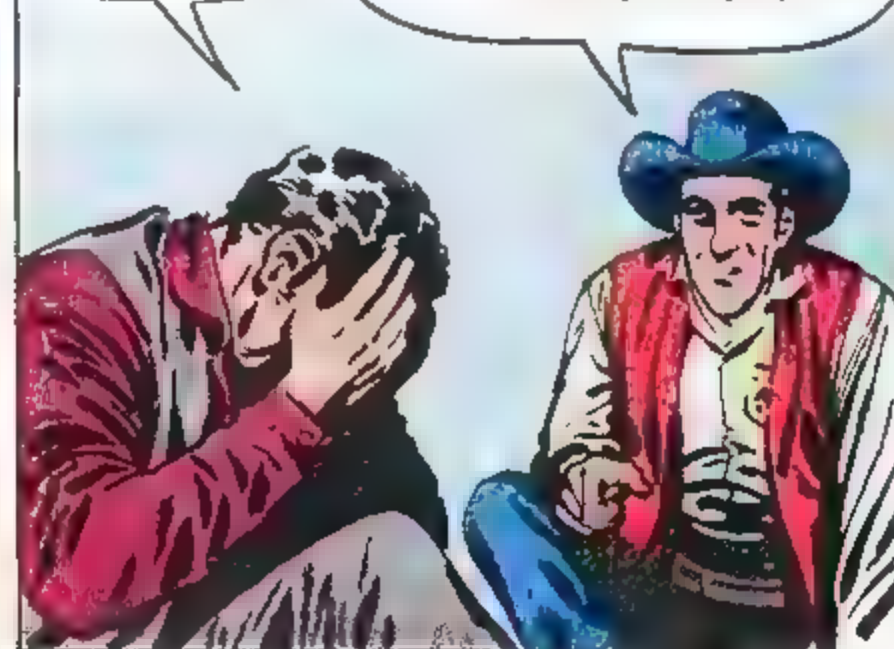
DILLON, IT
HURTS! I--
CAN'T BREATHE!

I KNOW! IT **DOESN'T**
LOOK GOOD FOR YOU,
COLTON!



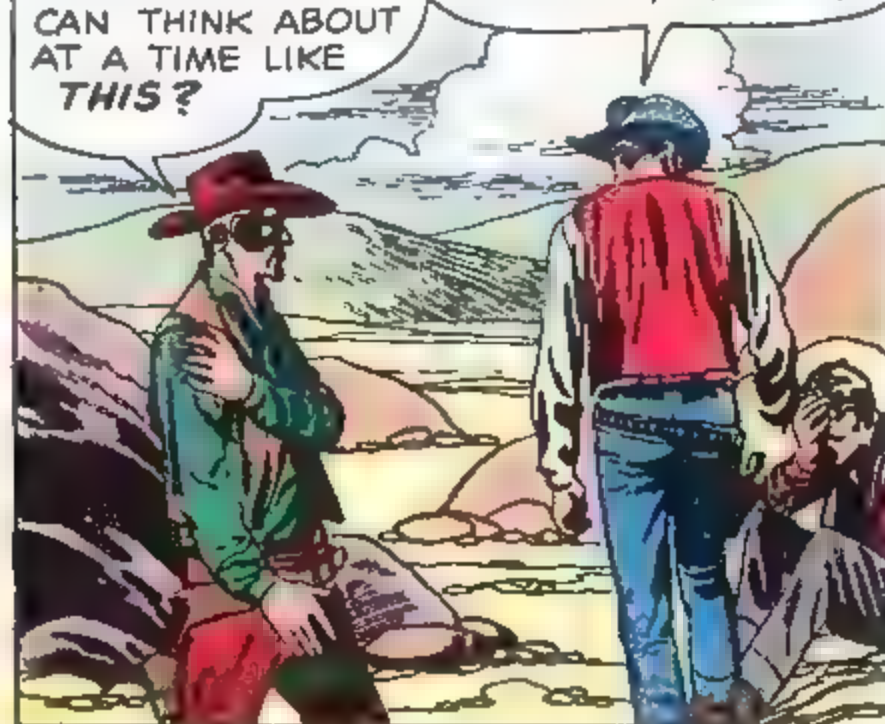
DILLON.. DO
SOMETHING...
GET ME TO
A DOCTOR...

DON'T KNOW IF IT'S
WORTH MY WHILE, COLTON
...UNLESS YOU'RE READY
TO TELL ME ALL ABOUT
THESE BANKBOOKS.



DILLON, WHERE'S
YOUR HEART? IS
MONEY ALL YOU
CAN THINK ABOUT
AT A TIME LIKE
THIS?

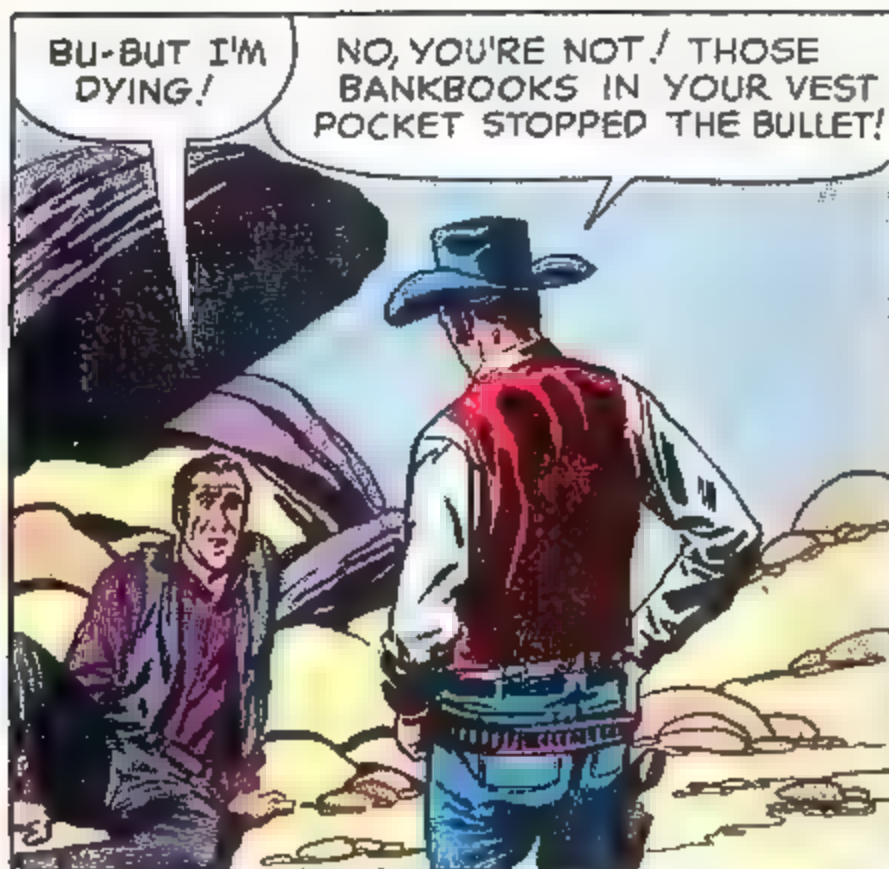
RECKON I'M A HARD
MAN, SHAVIN! HOW
ABOUT IT, COLTON?



ALL RIGHT, I'LL CONFESS! I'VE
BEEN RUSTLING TURKEY TRACK
CATTLE FOR YEARS! THE MONEY
IS ALL IN THOSE BANKS...
NOW HELP ME!

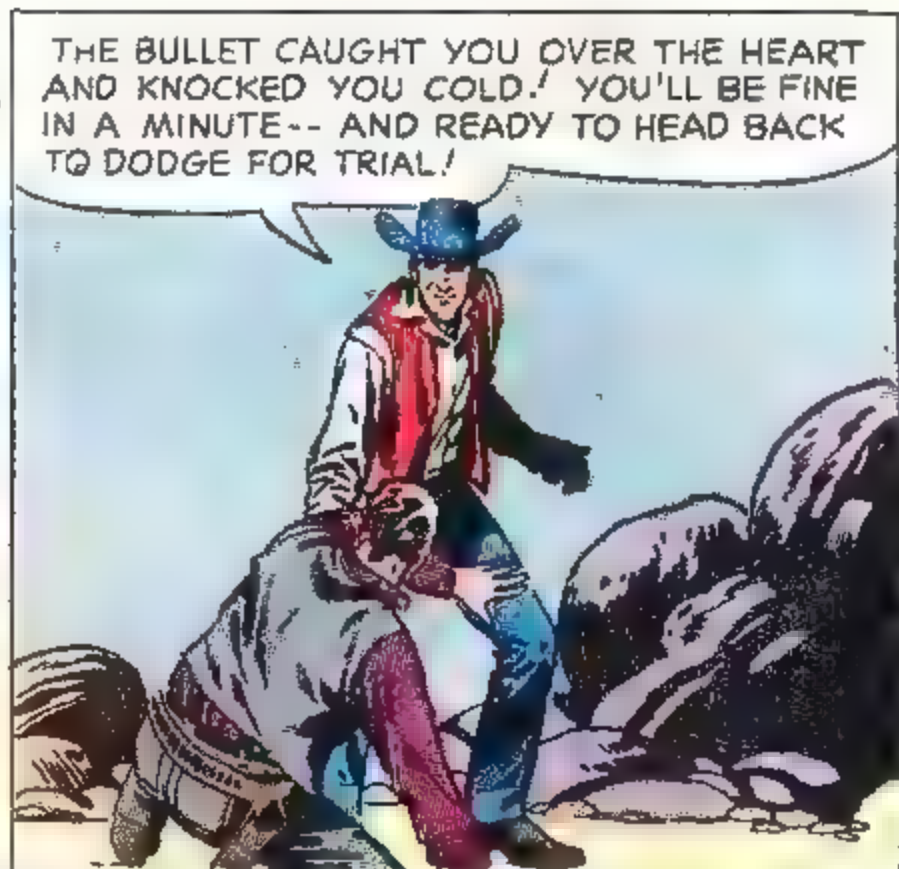
I CAN'T
HELP
YOU,
COLTON!



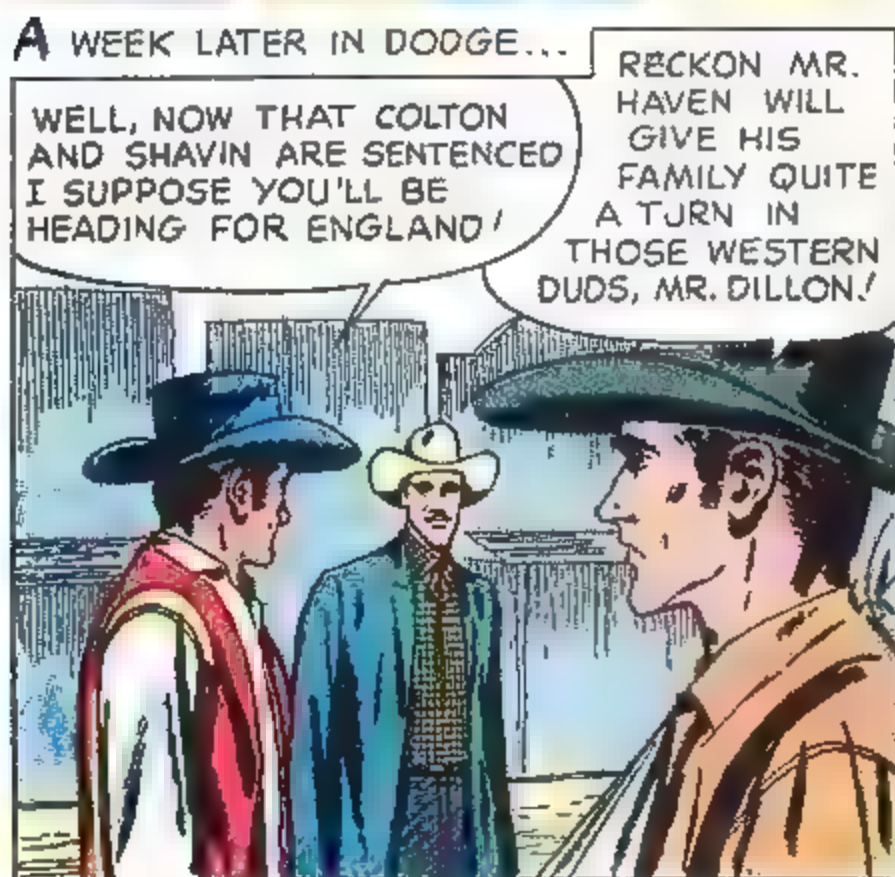


BU-BUT I'M DYING!

NO, YOU'RE NOT! THOSE BANKBOOKS IN YOUR VEST POCKET STOPPED THE BULLET!



THE BULLET CAUGHT YOU OVER THE HEART AND KNOCKED YOU COLD! YOU'LL BE FINE IN A MINUTE-- AND READY TO HEAD BACK TO DODGE FOR TRIAL!



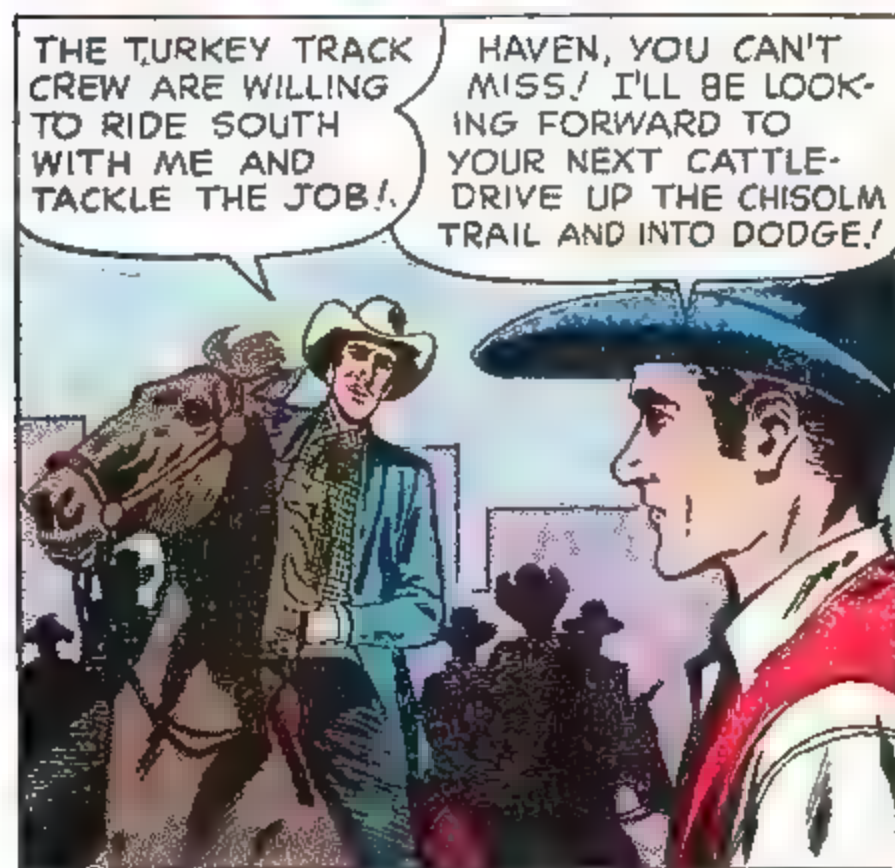
A WEEK LATER IN DODGE...

WELL, NOW THAT COLTON AND SHAVIN ARE SENTENCED I SUPPOSE YOU'LL BE HEADING FOR ENGLAND!

RECKON MR. HAVEN WILL GIVE HIS FAMILY QUITE A TURN IN THOSE WESTERN DUDS, MR. DILLON!



NO, GENTLEMEN, I'VE THOUGHT IT OVER. I'M GOING TO **STAY** OUT HERE AND USE THE MONEY COLTON STOLE TO **REBUILD** THE TURKEY TRACK!



THE TURKEY TRACK CREW ARE WILLING TO RIDE SOUTH WITH ME AND TACKLE THE JOB!

HAVEN, YOU CAN'T MISS! I'LL BE LOOKING FORWARD TO YOUR NEXT CATTLE-DRIVE UP THE CHISOLM TRAIL AND INTO DODGE!

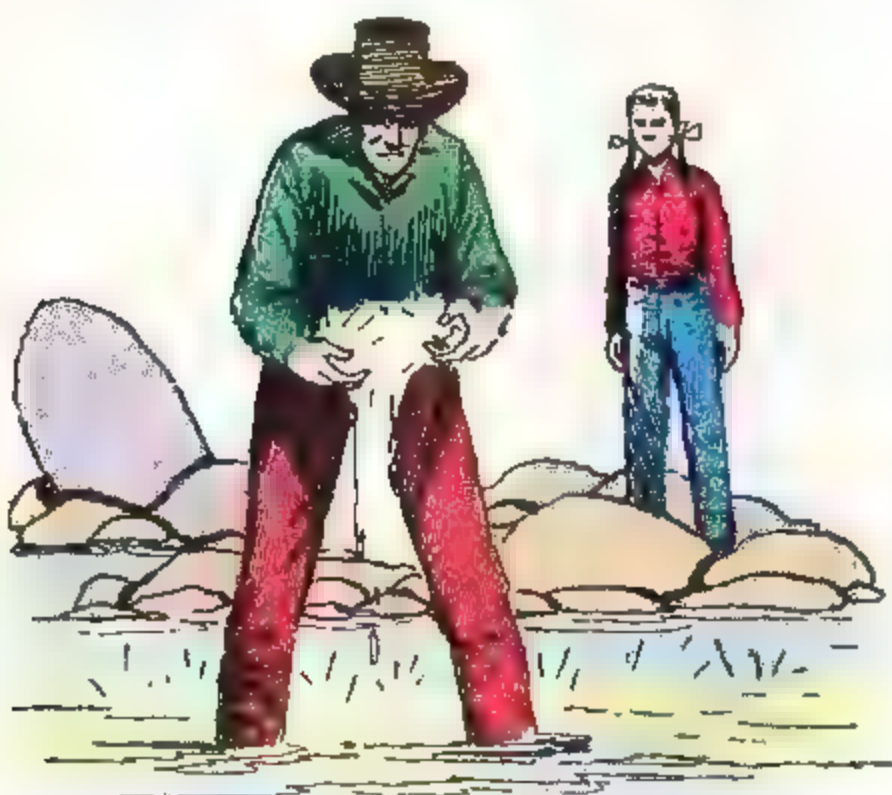


CALL HIM DUDE -- BUT **THAT'S** THE KIND OF MAN THIS COUNTRY NEEDS, CHESTER!

I'LL SAY AMEN TO THAT, MR. DILLON!

THE END

the RETURN



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"Keep going," Dusty Dalton urged himself, as he prodded his horse on. "Don't go back to Sierra Cove and take that blacksmith job. Hard work. Low pay. Take years to pay off those debts. Keep going!"

Dusty was leaving years of debts behind. A grubstake from the postmaster, sacks of food from the storekeeper, loans from many folks who only took his word that—"I'll pay you back when I strike it rich."

But he had only struck it poor in all his prospecting trips. Lately, people had insisted on being repaid. It was when the postmaster "with a sick wife to care for" had asked for part payment that Dusty had ridden out of town, yelling that he was sick and tired of being hounded and would never come back.

The postmaster and other creditors had no doubt sent the sheriff after him. But Dusty knew some tricky routes through the mountains. And if he went far enough, the sheriff would give up. But Dusty winced whenever he thought of the postmaster's sick wife. And the fire that had burned out the storekeeper, leaving him penniless. And the others who had need of their money badly. Was it fair to run out on them? Should he return and work off his debts honestly with a job?

"Keep going!" Dusty muttered desper-

ately. "Keep going . . ."

"Mister!" came a tearful thin voice from the underbrush nearby. "Please help me . . . I'm lost!" A little girl stumbled out, rubbing her eyes. Between sobs she blurted out her story: "I was out riding alone on the pony my Daddy gave me for my birthday. I was too excited to watch how far I went . . . or where. Then my pony was scared by a rattler and threw me and galloped away and I'm scared and I want to go home to my Mommy in Sierra Cove . . . please, mister, please!"

Dusty groaned inwardly. If he told the kid the way home, it was a long way for her small feet. Or she'd get lost again.

If he rode back with her, even part way, the sheriff would catch up. Let the kid walk back.

But night would overtake her, with hungry wolves and lean mountain cats on the prowl for any helpless prey.

"Swing up, kid," sighed Dusty, his resistance broken. "Dry your tears. You'll see your Mommy soon."

"And me, I'll see the inside of a jail . . ." he muttered.

With the girl hanging on behind him, Dusty avoided the rough ride down the long slope of Devil's Gulch. For the kid's sake he took the timber trail along the winding Sierra Creek. The girl chatted like a happy magpie. Dusty was in no mood to listen.

"Look, mister," said the girl at one bend, "why is the water so yellow here? It's almost shiny!"

"Because it's full of golden sand," growled Dusty sarcastically. "Now will you keep your mouth shut and . . ."

The rest was a gasp from Dusty as he leaped off the horse, splashed through the shallow water and scooped up sand that was flecked thickly with tawny gleams.

"Suffering sagebrush! It is golden sand!" whispered Dusty. "I can pan enough to pay off all my debts and have plenty left over."

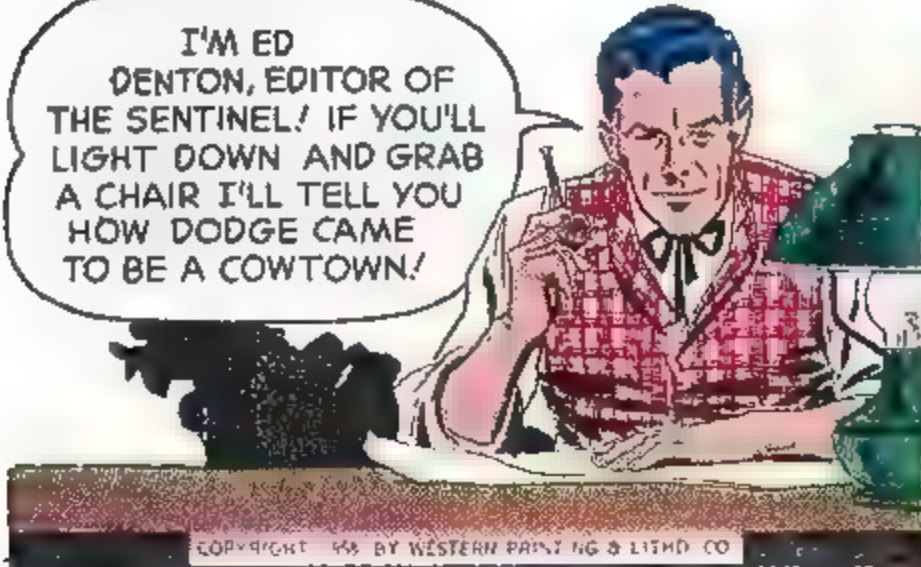
"What are debts, mister?" asked the girl curiously.

"Debts are like what I owe you, honey," said Dusty gently, "for making me go back to wipe out my disgrace."

DODGE CITY DAYS

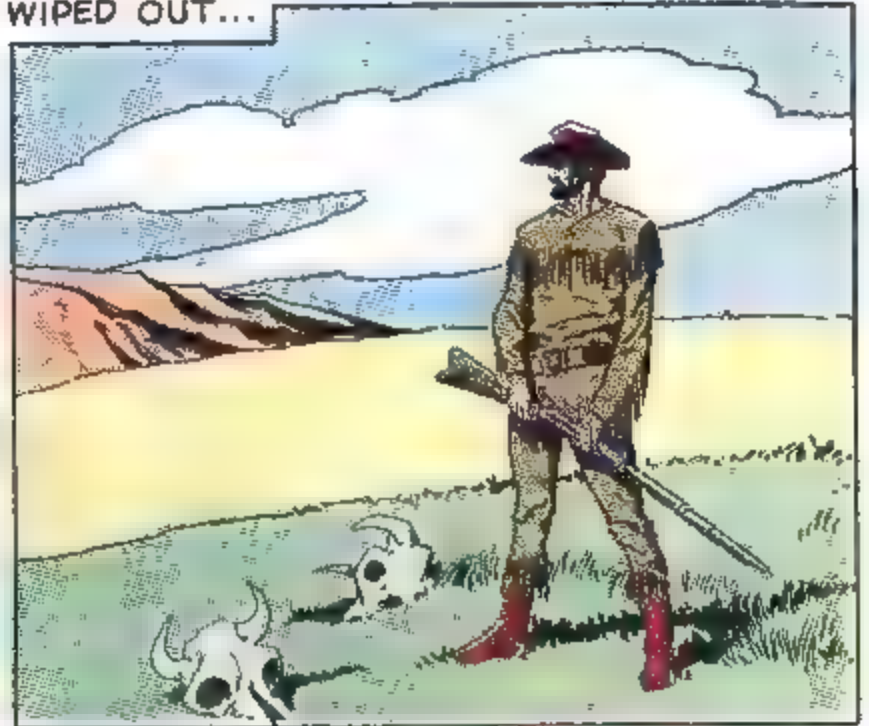
SHOWDOWN *at* ADOBE WALLS

I'M ED DENTON, EDITOR OF THE SENTINEL! IF YOU'LL LIGHT DOWN AND GRAB A CHAIR I'LL TELL YOU HOW DODGE CAME TO BE A COWTOWN!

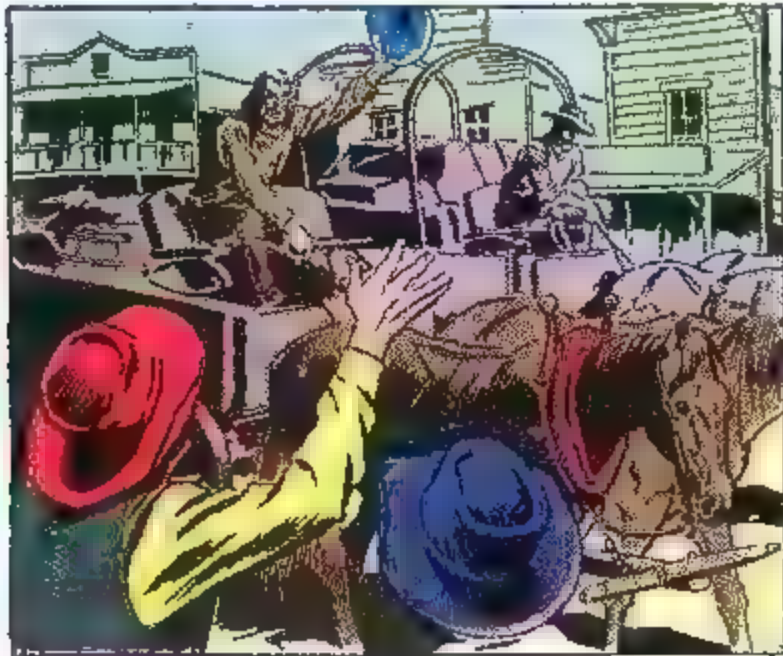


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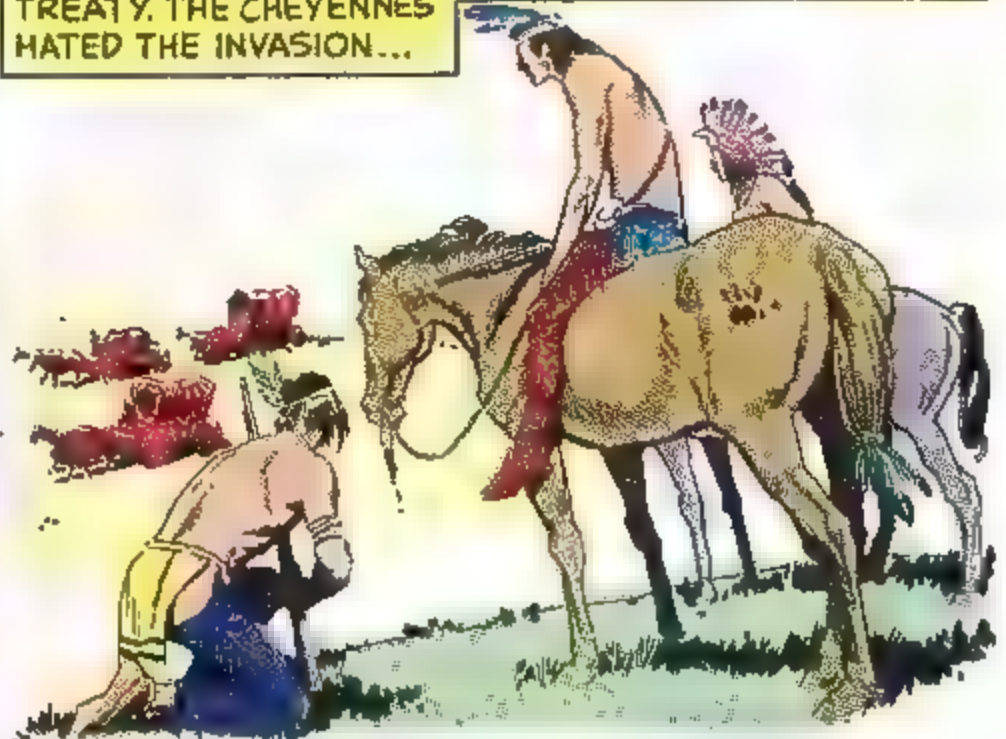
"I'VE TOLD YOU HOW DODGE WAS BORN AS A BUFFALO HUNTER'S HANGOUT. BUT BY 1874, THE KANSAS BUFFALO HERD HAD BEEN WIPED OUT..."



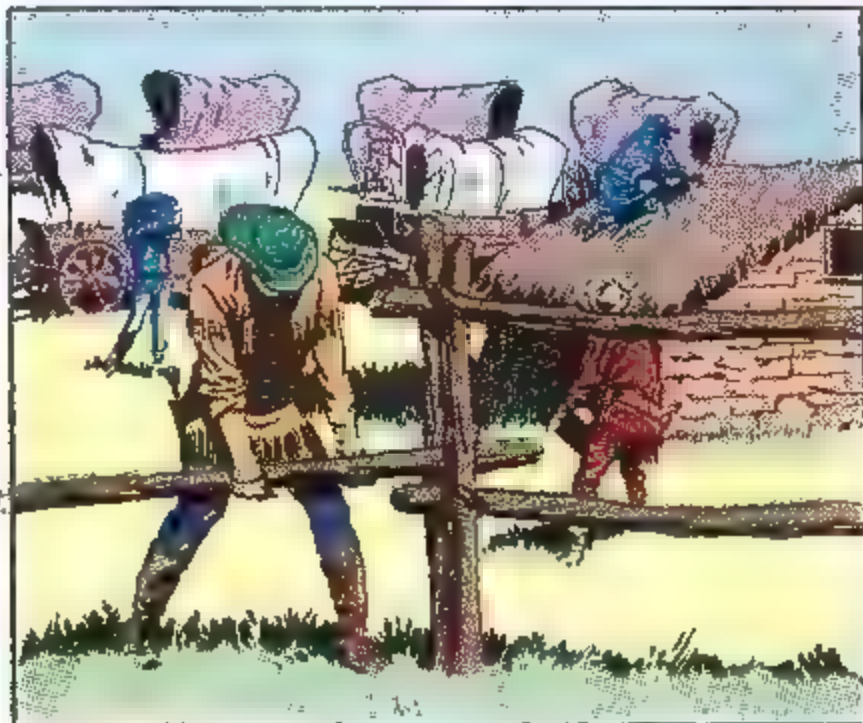
"IN THE SPRING OF THAT YEAR, THE HUNTERS GOT WORD OF A HUGE HERD SOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS RIVER. THEIR WAGONS LOADED WITH SUPPLIES THEY HEADED OUT OF DODGE..."



"THE LAND SOUTH OF ARKANSAS WAS INDIAN COUNTRY, FORBIDDEN TO THE BUFFALO HUNTERS BY TREATY. THE CHEYENNES HATED THE INVASION..."



"STILL, THERE WAS MONEY IN BUFFALO HIDES. THE HUNTERS SWARMED IN AND THE TRADERS CAME AFTER THEM. THEY STARTED A TRADING POST AT ADOBE WALLS ON THE CANADIAN RIVER..."



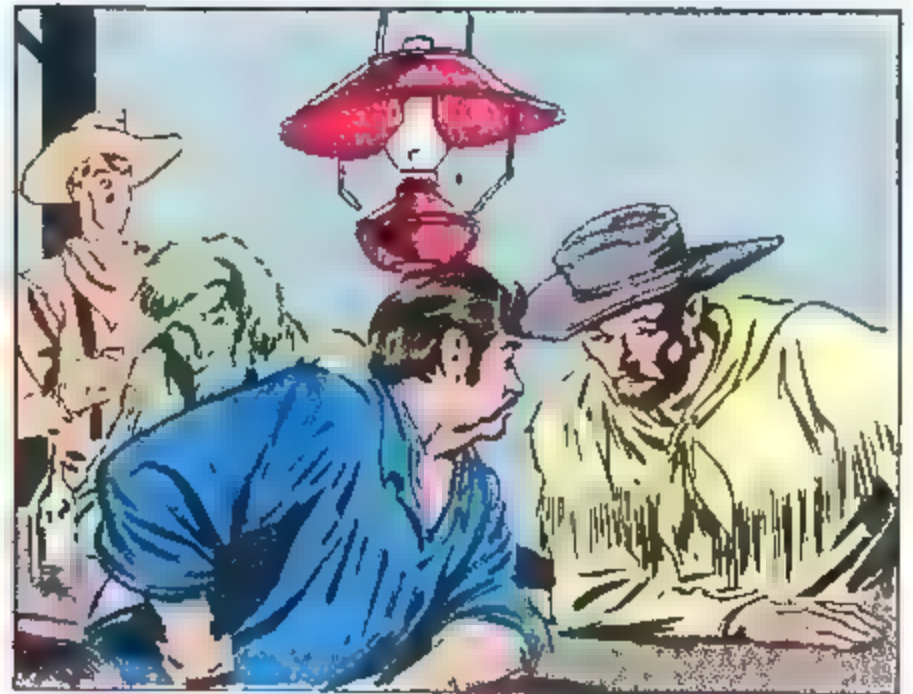
"BUT OUT ON THE PLAINS, RESENTFUL CHEYENNES WERE ALREADY ATTACKING ISOLATED HIDE CAMPS..."



"THEN ONE JUNE DAY, AN ARMY PATROL STRAG-
GLED INTO ADOBE WALLS ESCORTING AMOS
CHAPMAN, A GOVERNMENT SCOUT...



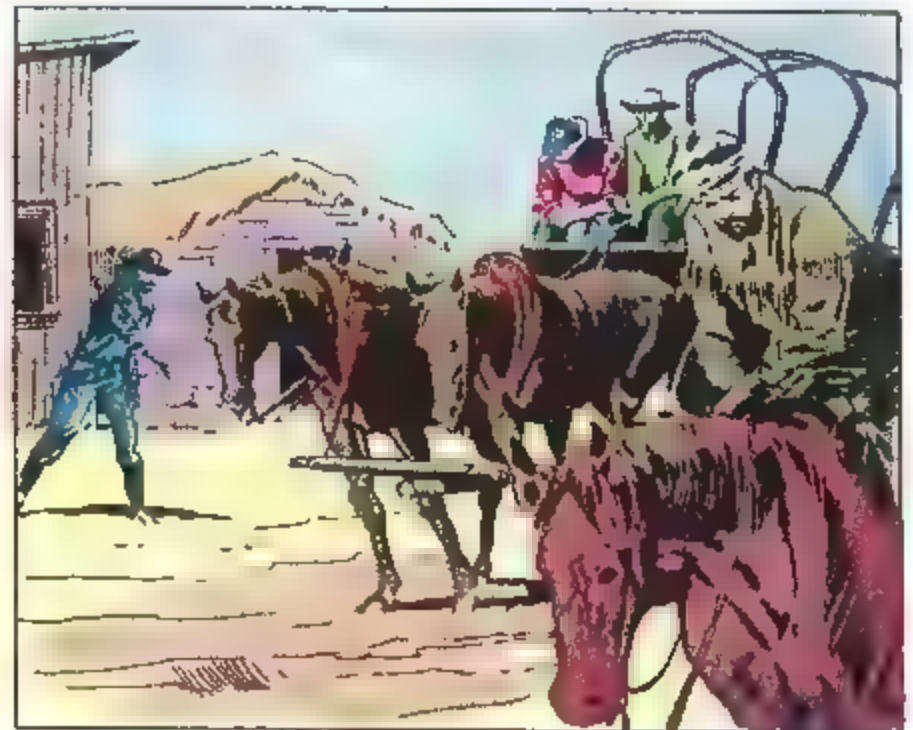
"CHAPMAN HAD HEARD FROM THE TRADERS AT
CAMP SUPPLY THAT THE HOSTILES WERE ABOUT
TO ATTACK ADOBE WALLS HE WHISPERED THE
MESSAGE TO SALOONKEEPER JIM HANRAHAN...



"HANRAHAN KNEW THAT IF WORD OF THE
PLANNED ATTACK GOT OUT, THE HUNTERS
WOULD ABANDON ADOBE WALLS TO THE
CHEYENNES. HE DECIDED TO KEEP IT A SECRET...



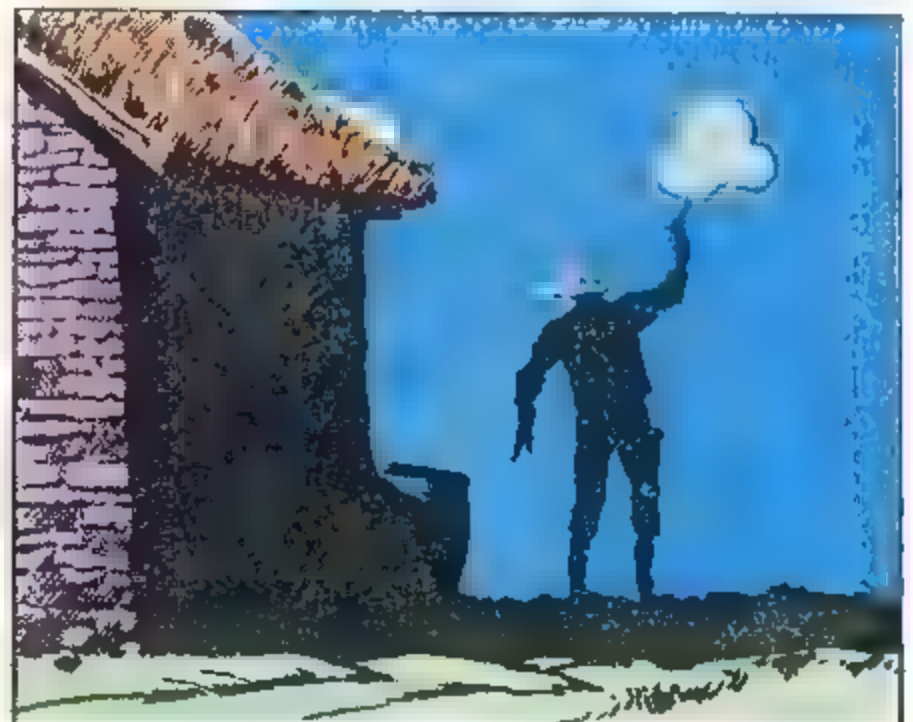
"MEANWHILE, OTHER BUFFALO HUNTERS, WHO
HAD BEEN SWEEPED FROM THE PLAINS BY INDIAN
ATTACKS, WERE CROWDING INTO ADOBE WALLS...



"JUNE 27TH, THE DATE OF THE ATTACK, WAS
FAST APPROACHING. HANRAHAN TALKED WITH
HIS PARTNER, BILLY DIXON. THEY HAD TO KEEP
THE HUNTERS ALERT WITHOUT BETRAYING
THEIR SECRET...

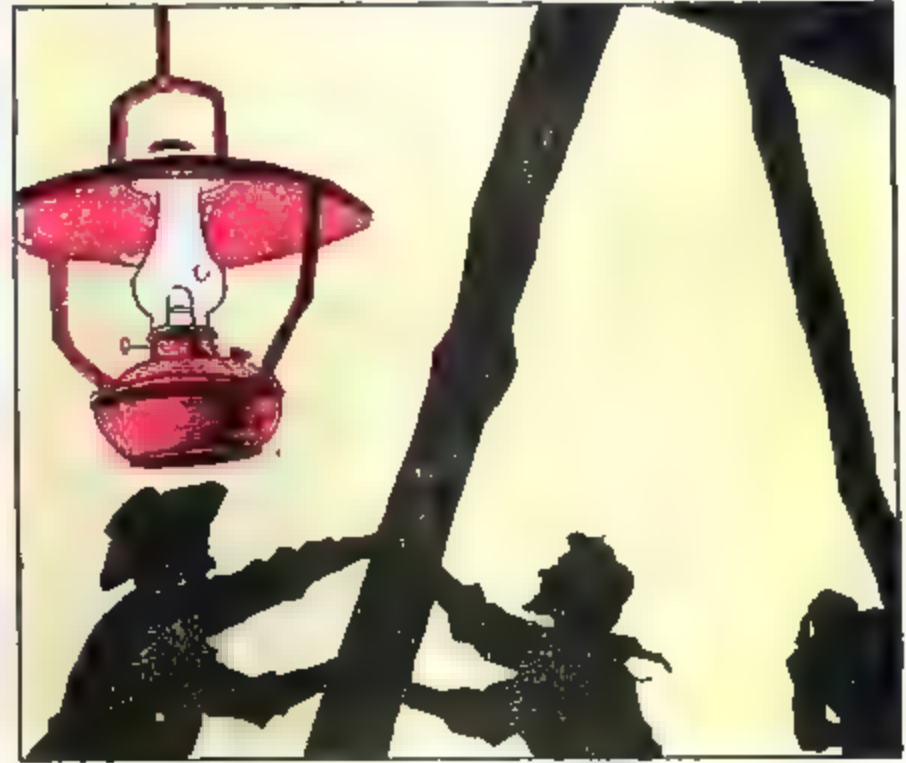
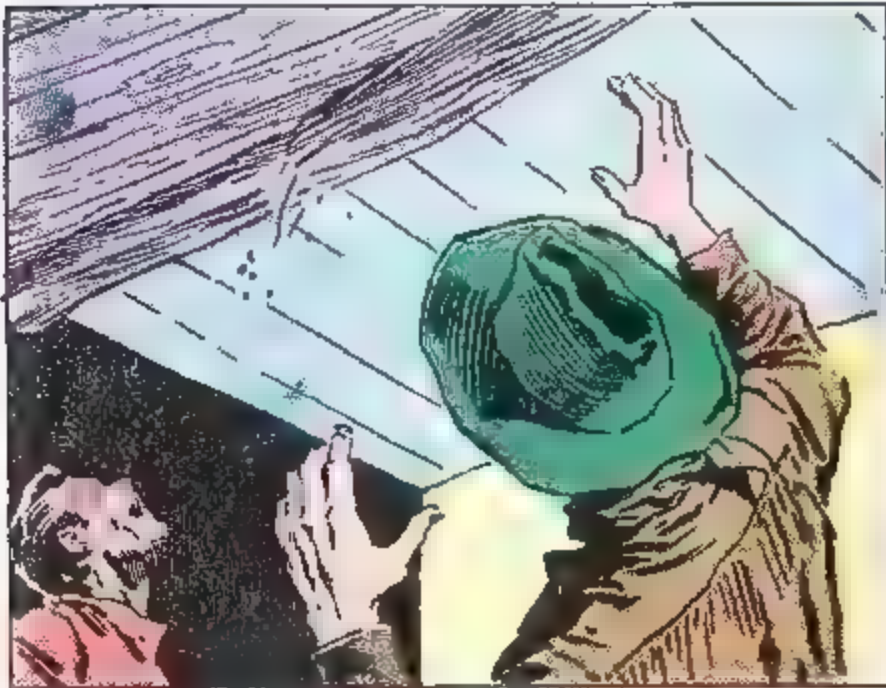


"WHAT HAPPENED ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE
ATTACK IS ANYONE'S GUESS BUT SOME SAY
BILLY DIXON FIRED A SHOT OUTSIDE THE SA-
LOON WHERE THE BUFFALO HUNTERS WERE SLEEPING.



"THE SHOT AWAKENED THE SLEEPING MEN. EXCITEDLY, HANRAHAN POINTED UPWARD. THE WEIGHT OF THE SOD ROOF MUST BE CRACKING THE MASSIVE RIDGE POLE, THE MEN THOUGHT.

"THE HUNTERS WORKED SWIFTLY. IN A FEW MOMENTS, THE RIDGE POLE WAS BRACED.



"IT WAS TOO LATE FOR THE HUNTERS TO SLEEP AGAIN. SHAKEN BY THE EVENING'S EVENTS, THEY DECIDED TO STAY AWAKE TILL DAWN. HANRAHAN'S TRICK HAD WORKED.

"WHEN DAWN CAME, THE INDIANS ATTACKED, BUT THE BUFFALO HUNTERS WERE PREPARED. THE CHEYENNE WERE MET WITH A WITHERING FIRE.



"THE MEDICINE MAN HAD PROMISED THAT HIS 'MEDICINE' WOULD PROTECT THE BRAVES FROM THE WHITE MAN'S BULLETS. BUT HE FORGOT TO TELL THE BUFFALO HUNTERS ABOUT THE ARRANGEMENT



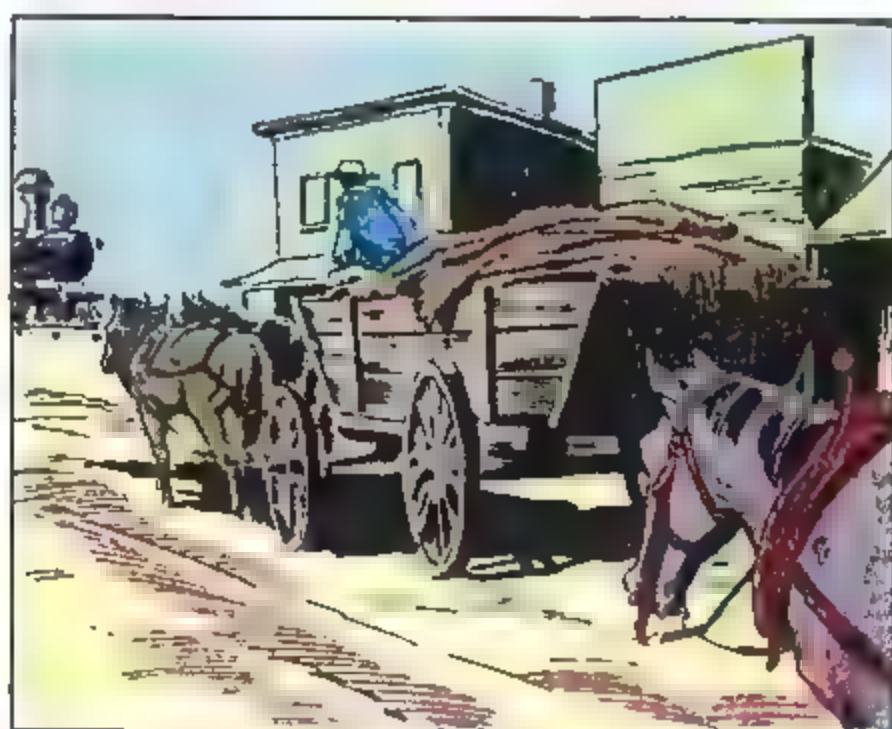
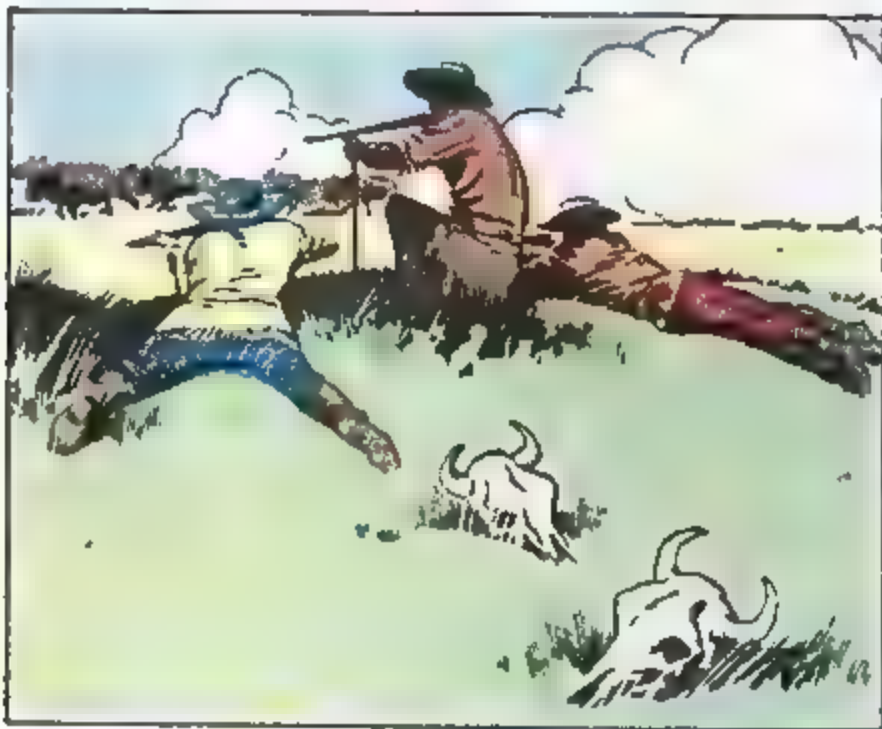
"SUSPICIOUS OF THE SHAMAN'S MEDICINE, THE MAIN FORCE OF INDIANS WATCHED THE BATTLE FROM THE NEARBY RIDGES .

"BUT THE DEADLY WORK OF THE SHARPS 'BIG-FIFTIES' WAS TOO MUCH FOR THE INDIANS. THEY FLED, LEAVING THEIR DEAD BEHIND THEM

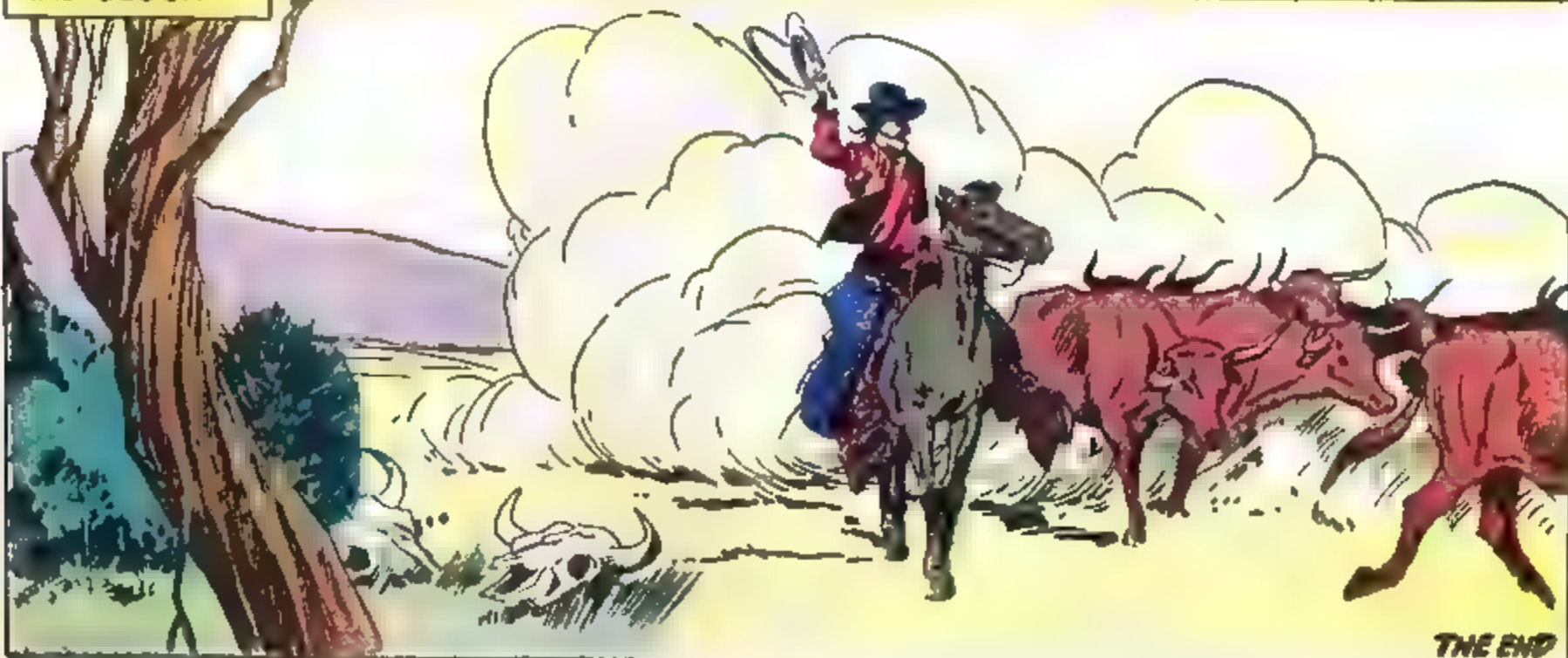


"THOUGH HOSTILES STILL ROAMED THE PLAINS, THE HUNTERS CONTINUED THEIR WORK OF DESTRUCTION, DECIMATING THE BUFFALO HERDS...

"THAT TEXAS HERD WAS THE LAST OF THE BUFFALO BEFORE LONG, THE LAST BUFFALO HIDE WAGONS WERE ROLLING THROUGH DODGE.



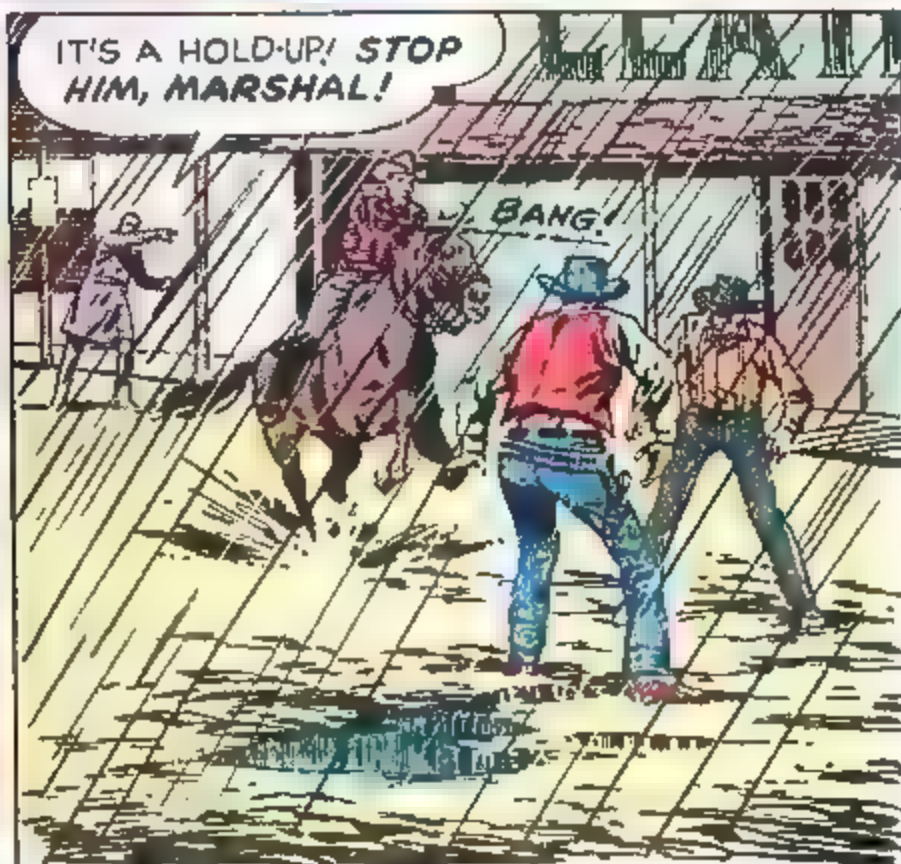
"THE BISON WAS GONE, BUT THAT NEXT SPRING THE FIRST OF THE LONGHORN HERDS POURED UP THE TRAIL FROM TEXAS. THE DAY OF THE BUFFALO HUNTER WAS OVER. THE ERA OF THE COWBOY HAD BEGUN "

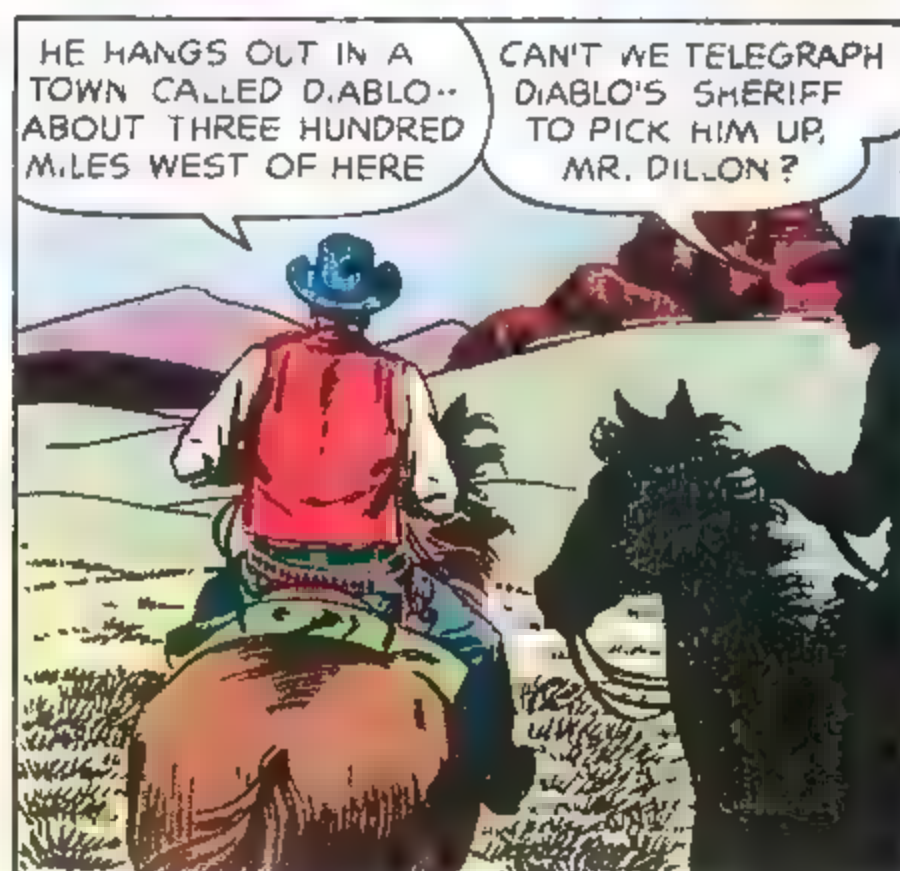
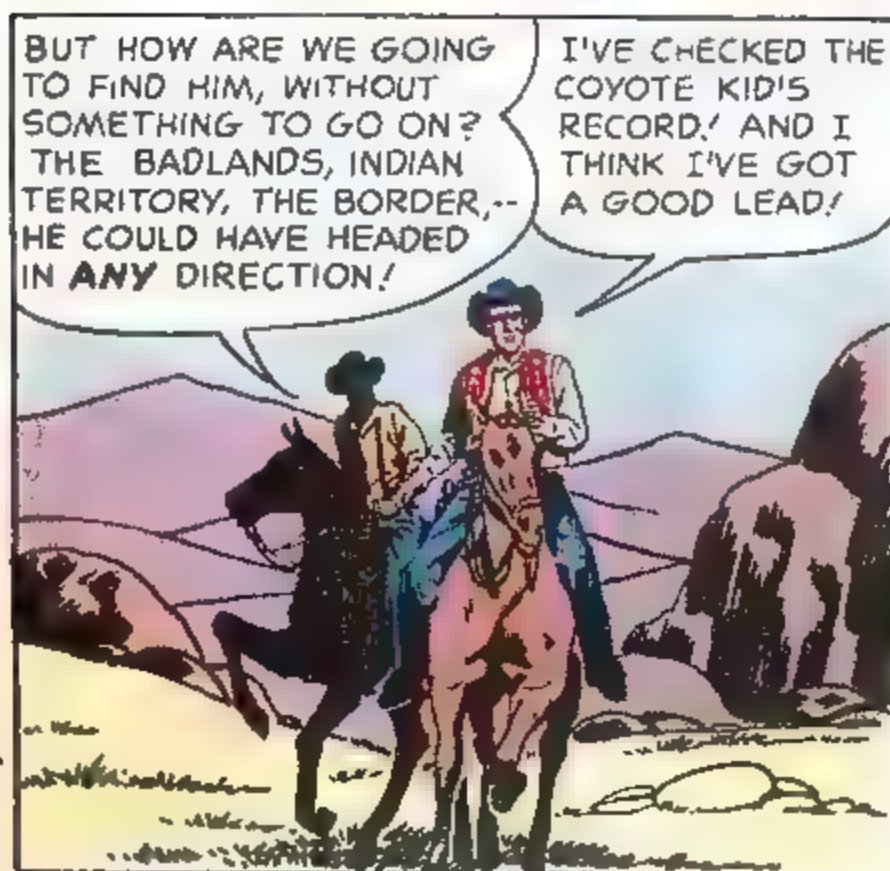
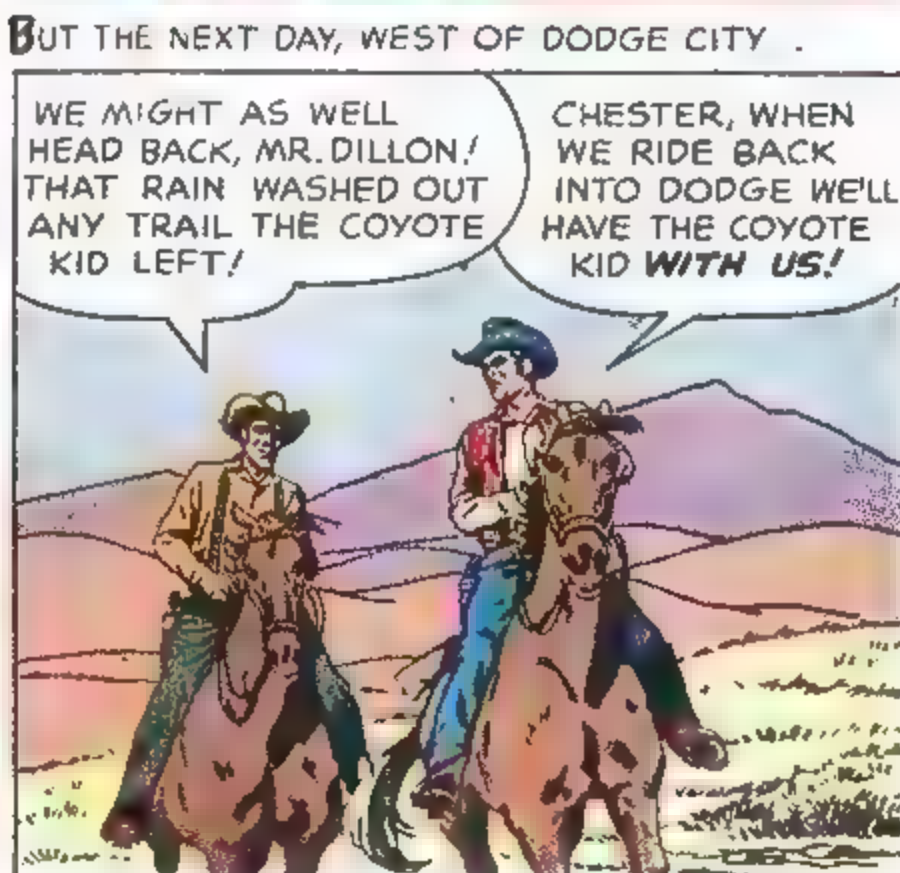
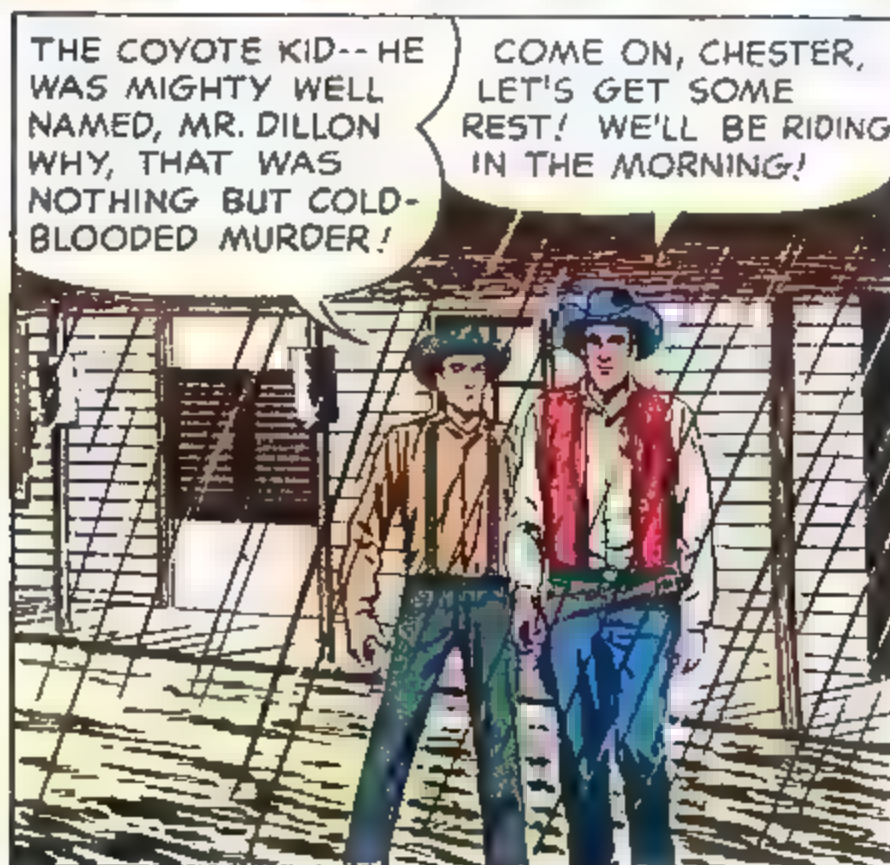
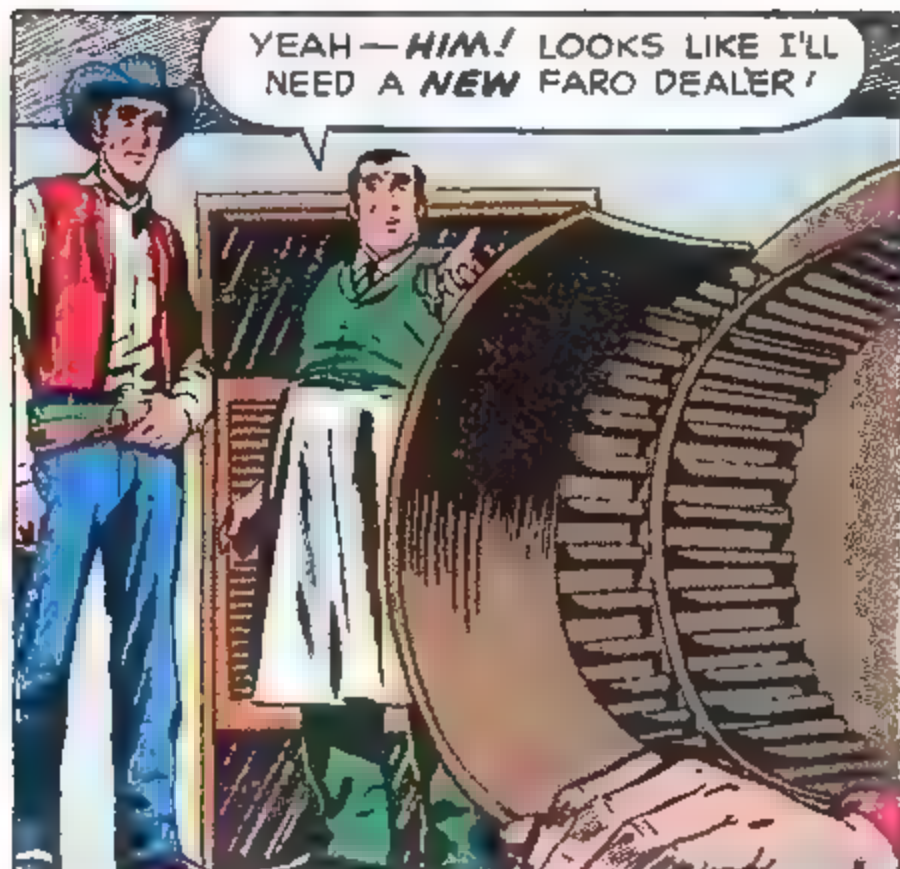
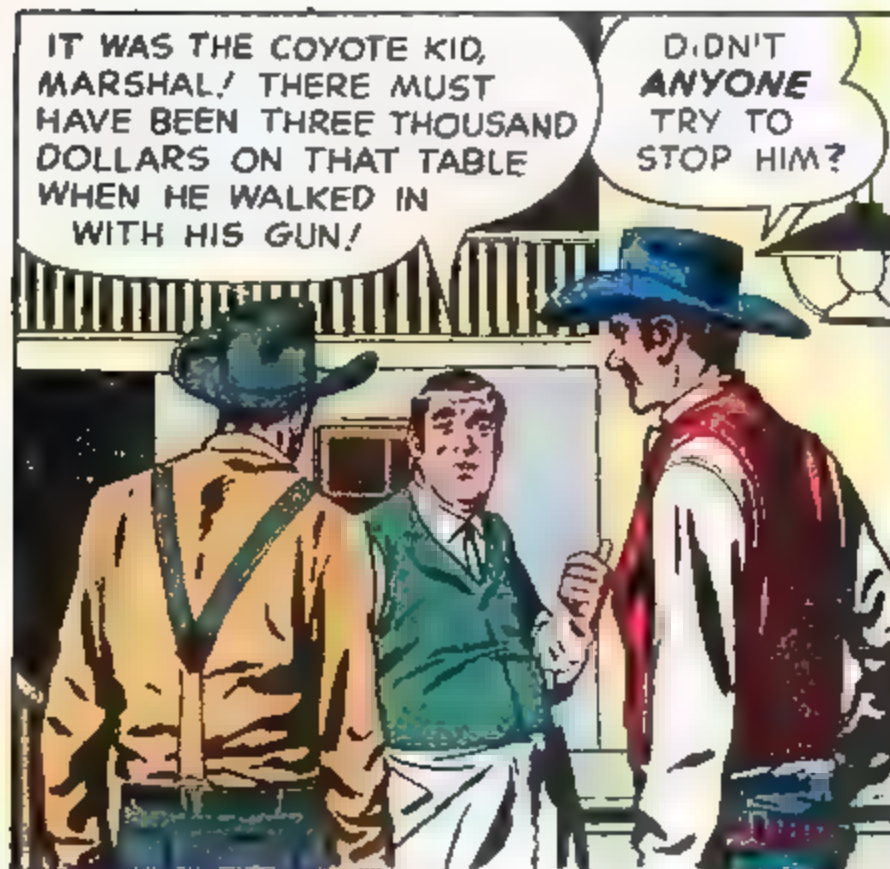


THE END

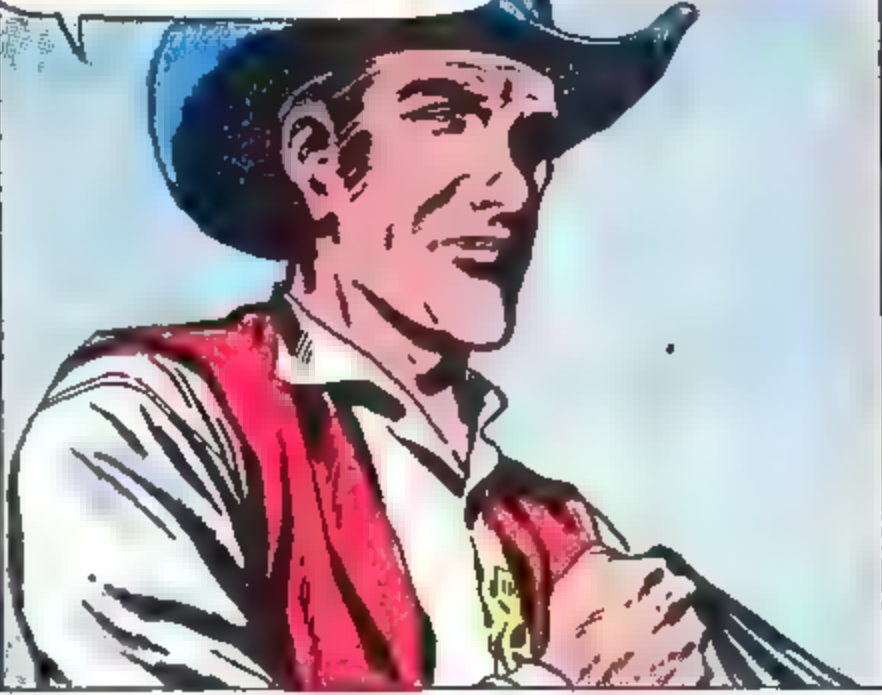
GUNSMOKE

BADGE OF HONOR



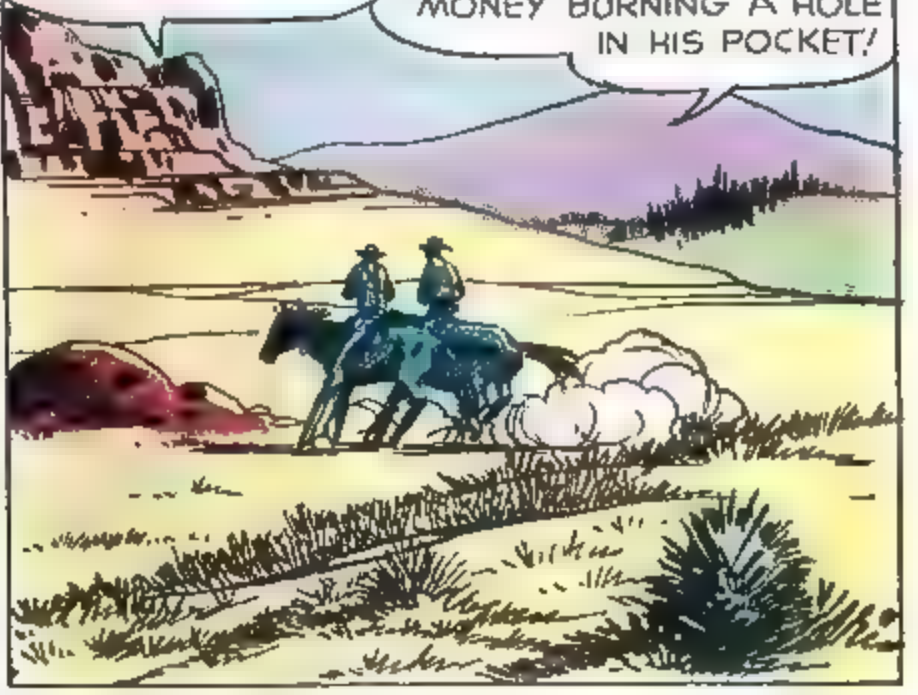


SHERIFF? DIABLO'S BURIED **FOUR** MARSHALS IN THE LAST **TWO** YEARS! NOW THEY CAN'T GET ANYONE TO TAKE THE JOB! THE TOWN'S **WIDE OPEN**, CHESTER!

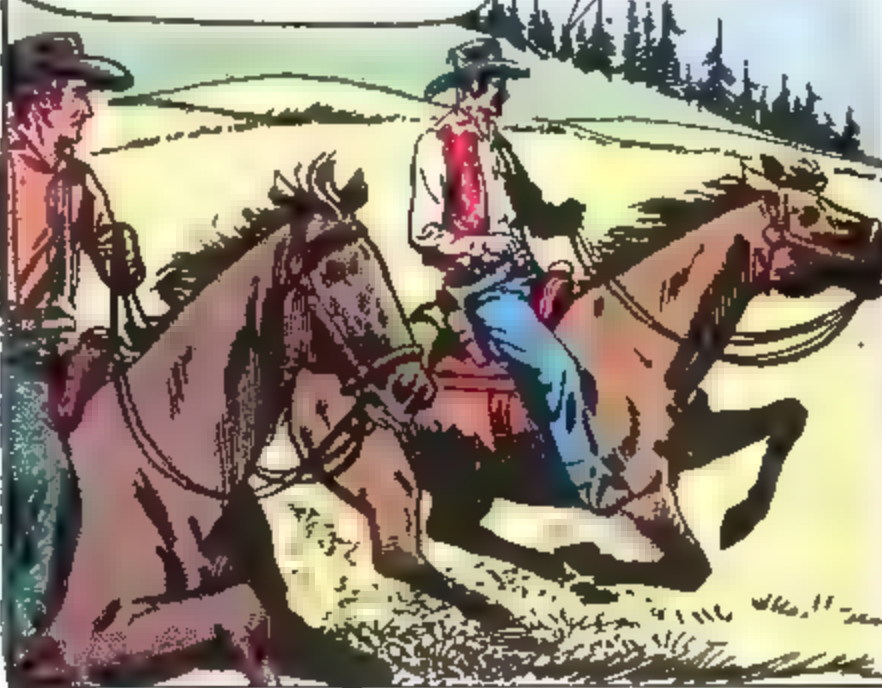


WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THE COYOTE KID WOULD HEAD FOR DIABLO **NOW**?

TWO REASONS! HE'S GOT A WOUND TO TAKE CARE OF--AND THREE THOUSAND IN STOLEN MONEY BURNING A HOLE IN HIS POCKET!



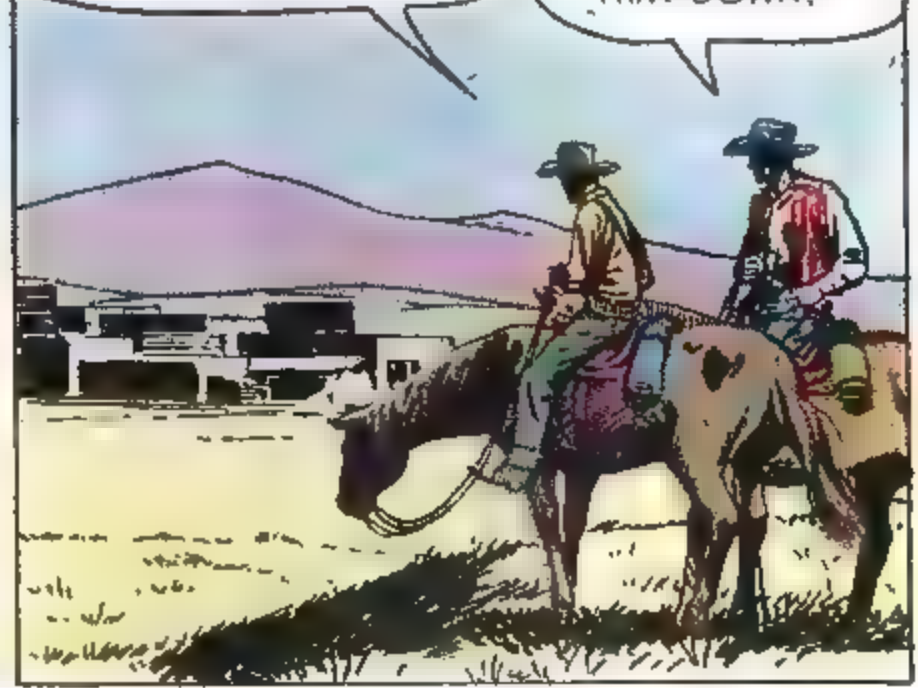
YEAH, HE'S HEADING FOR DIABLO--AND IT'S GOING TO BE A GREAT HOMECOMING--- BECAUSE **WE'RE** GOING TO ARRANGE THE RECEPTION!



DAYS LATER, AT THE JOURNEY'S END..

I SURE HOPE WE BEAT THE COYOTE KID TO DIABLO!

THE KID'S WOUND PROBABLY SLOWED HIM DOWN!



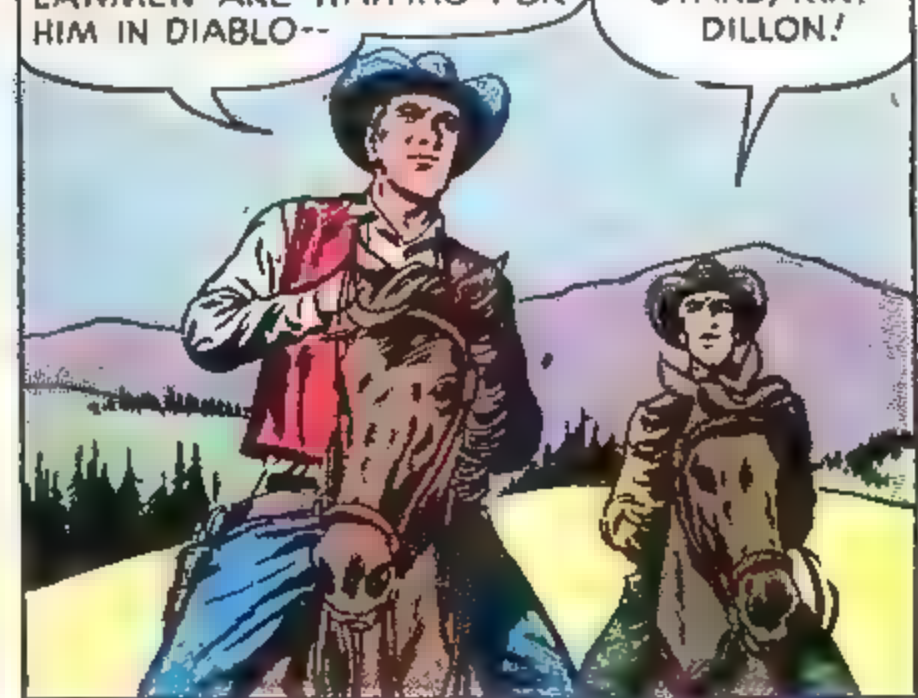
BEFORE WE RIDE IN, CHESTER, WE'D BETTER REMOVE OUR BADGES!

HOLD ON THERE, MR. DILLON! I'M NOT AFRAID TO WEAR MY DEPUTY'S BADGE **ANYWHERE**.



NOBLE SENTIMENTS, CHESTER, BUT IF WORD GETS OUT TO THE COYOTE KID THAT TWO LAWMEN ARE WAITING FOR HIM IN DIABLO--

--HE MAY **NEVER** COME IN. I UNDERSTAND, MR. DILLON!



SO THIS IS DIABLO?
WHOOOEEE! LOOKS
LIKE THE WHOLE
TOWN IS ON
A RAMPAGE!

TAKE A GOOD LOOK, CHESTER!
THIS IS WHAT DODGE WOULD
BE LIKE *WITHOUT* A LAWMAN!



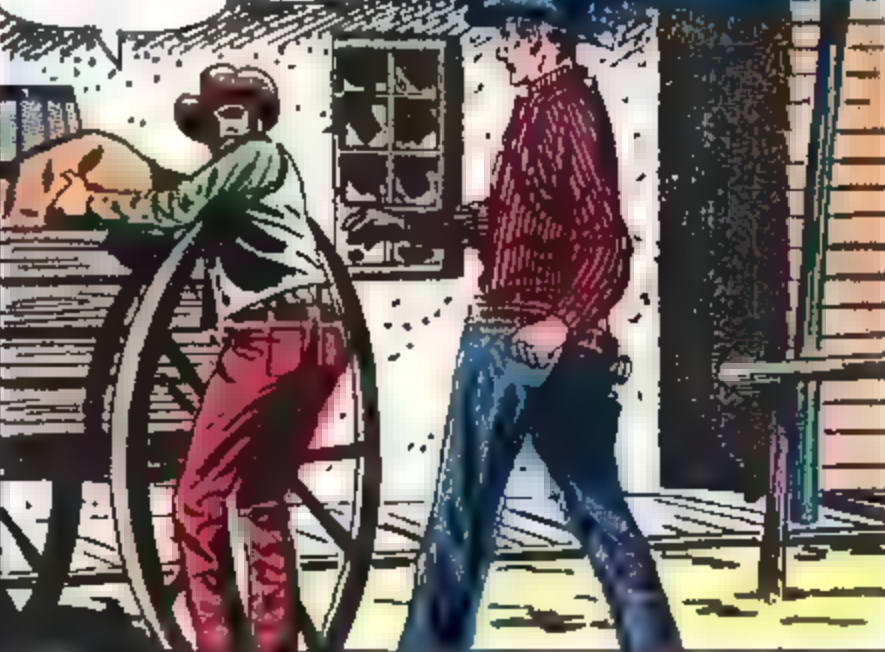
IT SURE BEATS ALL! LOOKS
LIKE EVERYONE IN THIS TOWN'S
ON THE PROD! JUST LOOK
AT THAT BIG BULLY
OVER THERE!

**OUT OF
MY WAY, YOU!**

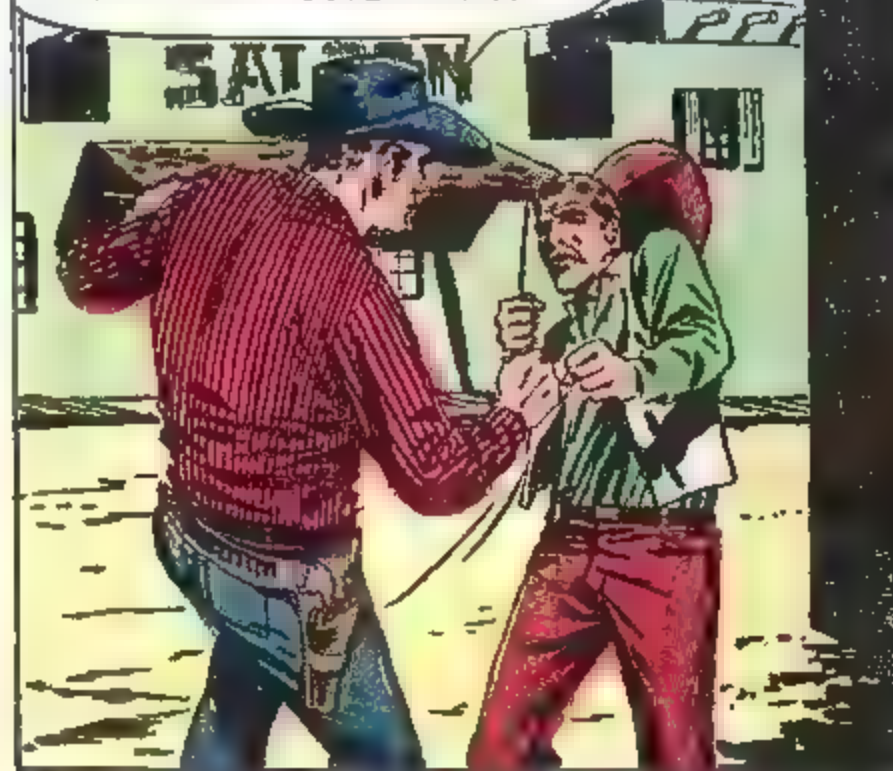


SORRY, NEIGHBOR, I
WAS JUST LOADING
THIS SACK OF FLOUR
ON MY BUCKBOARD,
AND ---

DON'T TRY TO SOFT-
SOAP ME! YOU GOT
IN MY WAY ON PURPOSE!



IT'S BAD MEDICINE TO PICK A
FIGHT WITH BULL KELLY!



MR. DILLON, WE'VE
GOT TO HELP THAT
LITTLE FELLER!

NO, CHESTER, WE CAN'T
RISK ATTRACTING AT-
TENTION IN THIS TOWN!



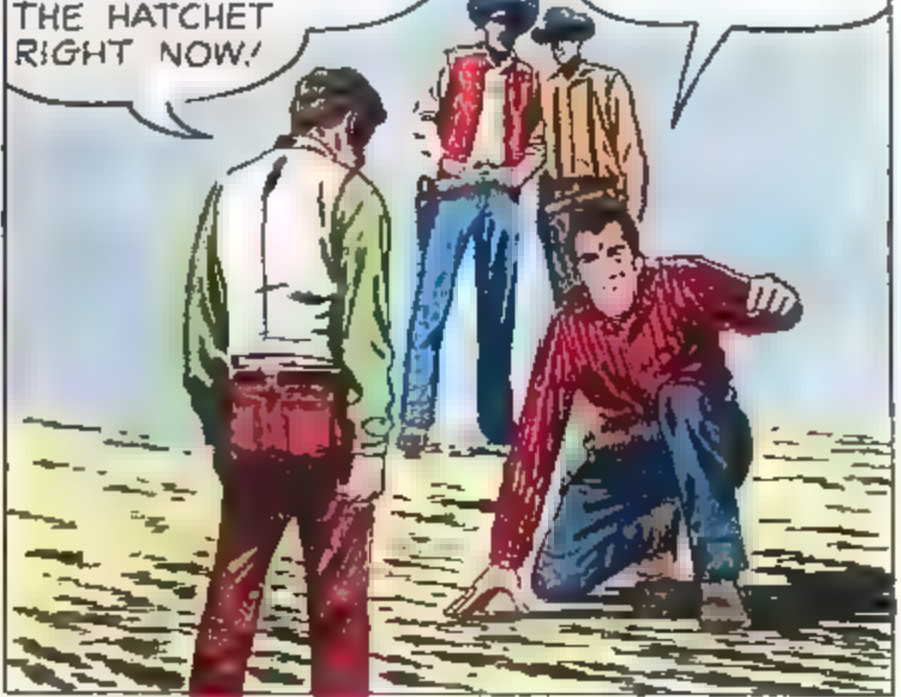
BESIDES, THAT LITTLE
FELLER SEEMS TO BE
DOING REAL FINE
BY HIMSELF!

RECKON THE BIG
ONE FIGURES HE
TANGLED WITH A
BUZZ-SAW BY NOW!



MISTER, I DIDN'T PICK
THIS FIGHT AND I'D
JUST AS SOON CALL
IT QUILTS AND BURY
THE HATCHET
RIGHT NOW!

NO ONE SINKS HIS
SPURS INTO ME
AND GETS AWAY WITH
IT, PARDNER!



MR. DILLON! HE'S GOING
FOR HIS GUN!

-- AND THE
OTHER MAN
IS UNARMED!

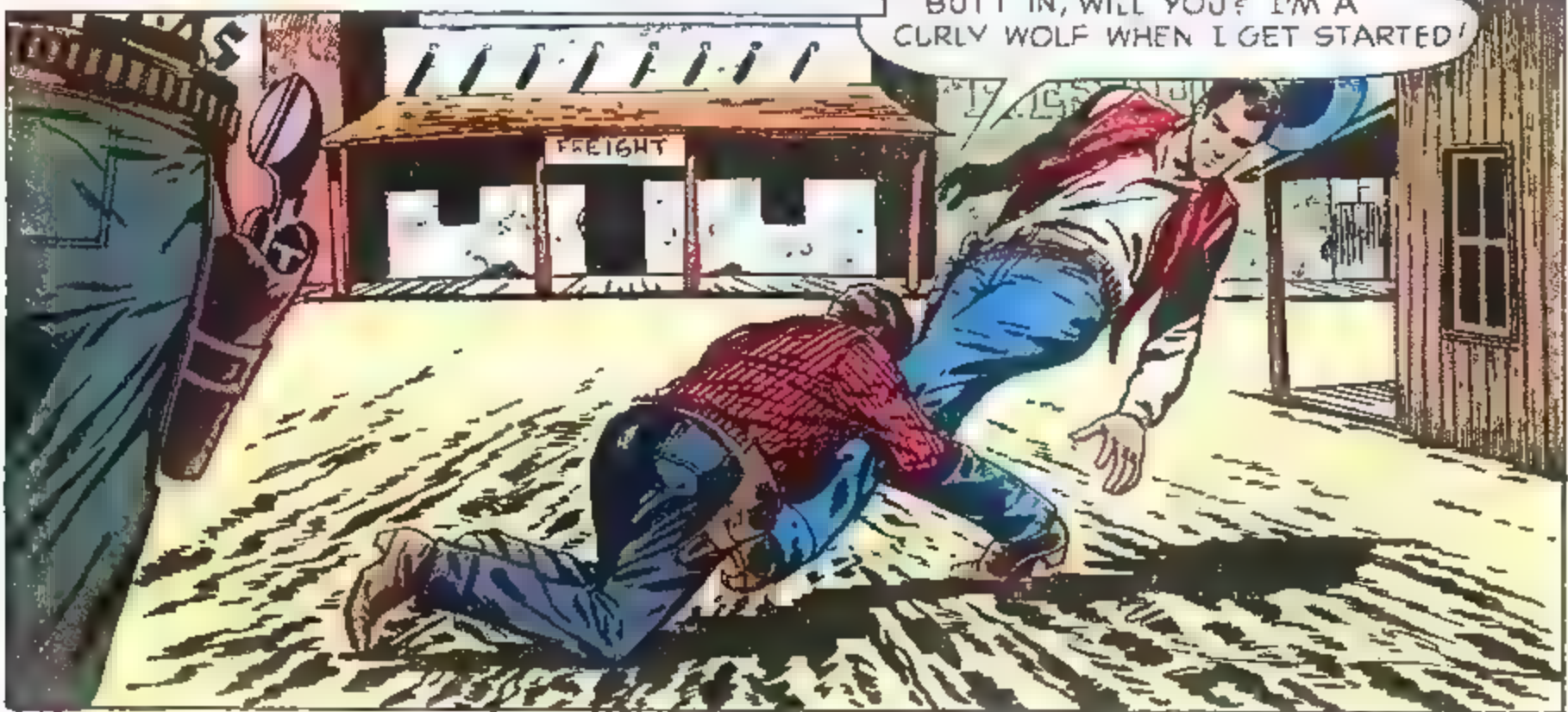


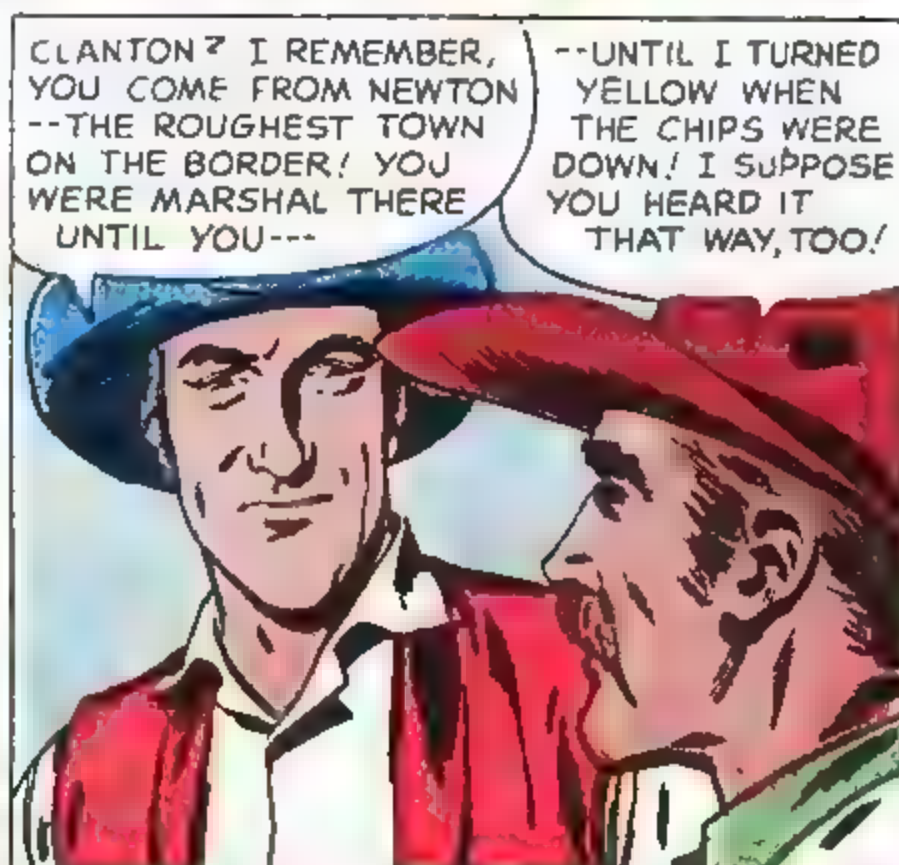
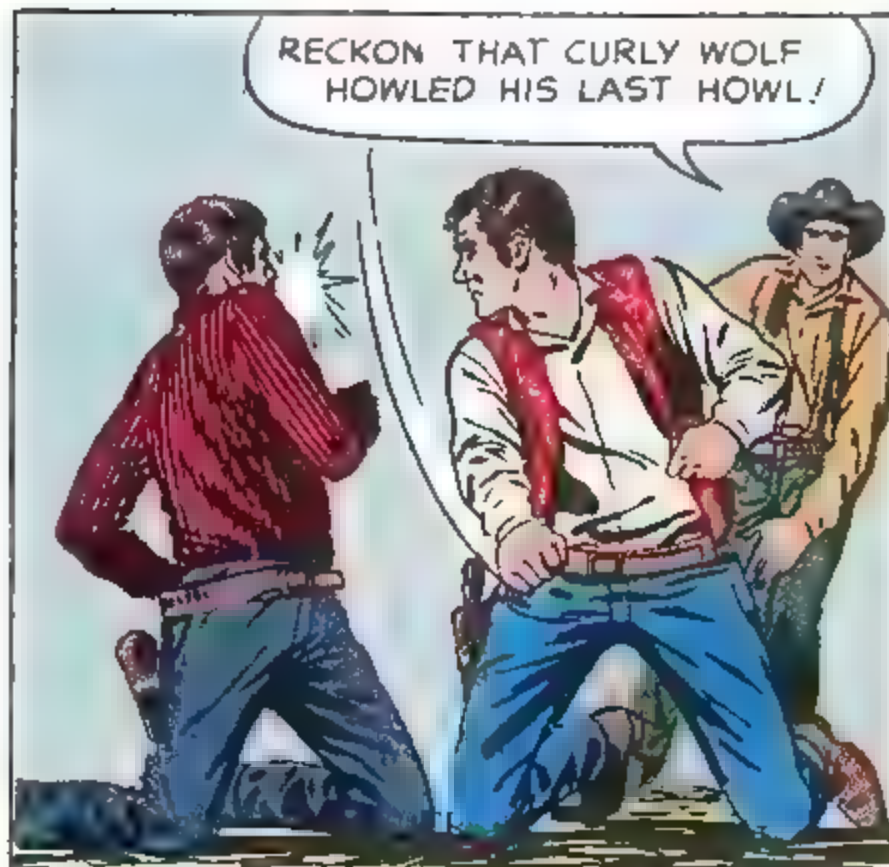
UHHHH!
MY HAND!



BUT MATT'S KICK THROWS HIM OFF BALANCE, AND..

BUTT IN, WILL YOU? I'M A
CURLY WOLF WHEN I GET STARTED!





NOW, I'LL TELL YOU THE REAL STORY!
THERE WERE FOUR OF THOSE GUNSLICKS
IN THAT FRACUS! THEY BOXED ME IN
ON MAIN STREET AND DARED ME
TO DRAW!



THERE WERE FIFTY ARMED MEN LOOKING
ON, ALL GOOD CITIZENS, BUT **NOT ONE** OF
THEM LIFTED HIS LITTLE FINGER TO HELP
ME, -- SO I HAD TO HANDLE IT MYSELF!



I SHOT MY WAY OUT OF IT!
BUT I HANDED IN MY BADGE!
I WAS TIRED OF SEEING GAM-
BLERS AND SALOON-KEEPERS
GETTING RICH WHILE THE GUN
MEN USED ME FOR
TARGET PRACTICE!

THERE'S
ANOTHER
WAY OF
LOOKING
AT IT,
CLANTON!



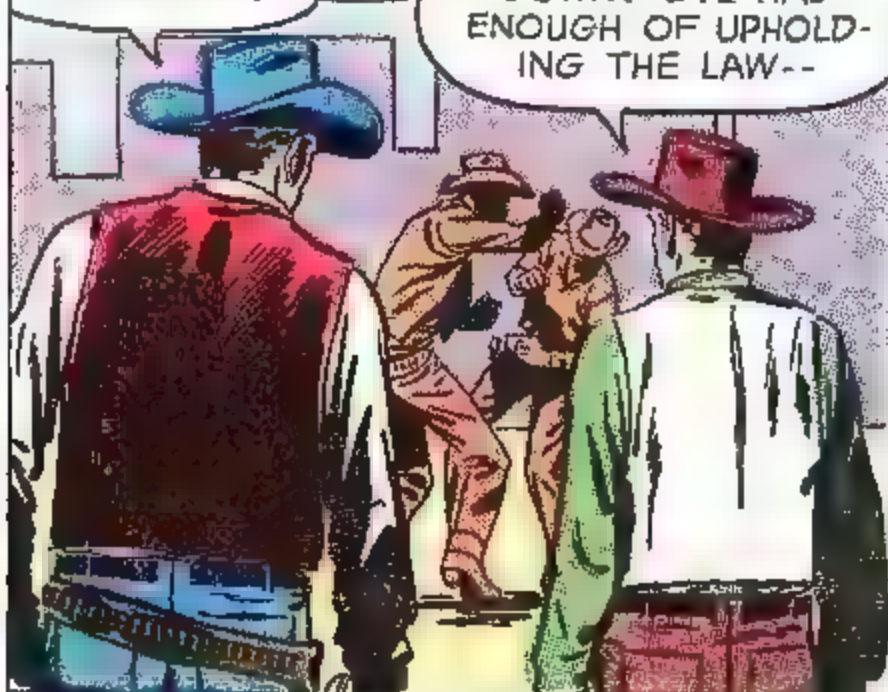
YOU'LL SEE, DILLON!
SOMEDAY WHEN THE
CHIPS ARE DOWN,
YOU'LL FIND OUT
THAT YOU'RE THE
ONLY ONE WHO GIVES
A HANG ABOUT THE LAW!

I KNOW HOW YOU
FEEL, CLANTON!
BUT **SOMEONE'S**
GOT TO WEAR
THAT BADGE!

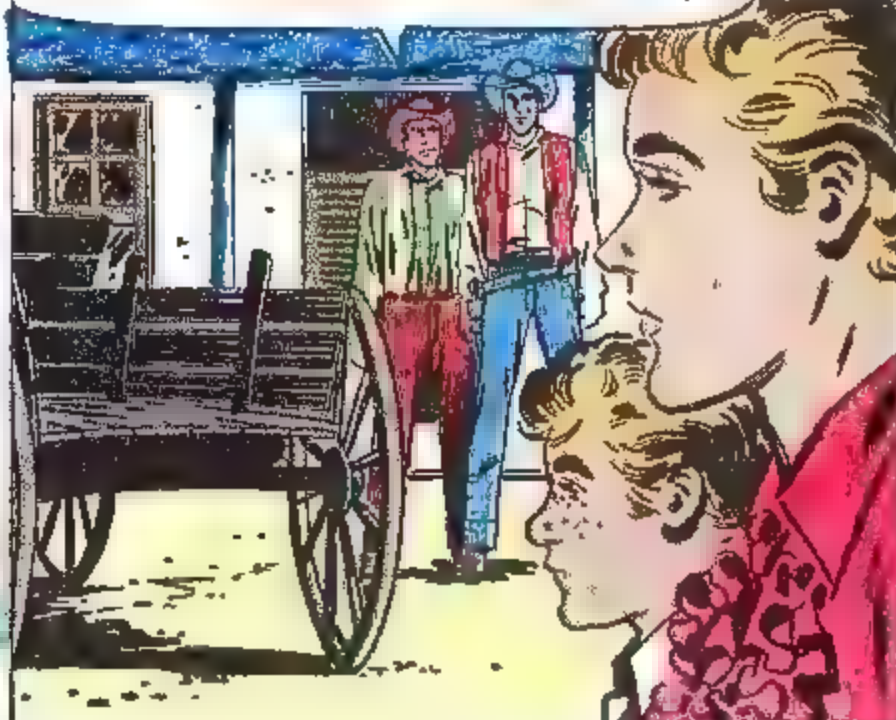


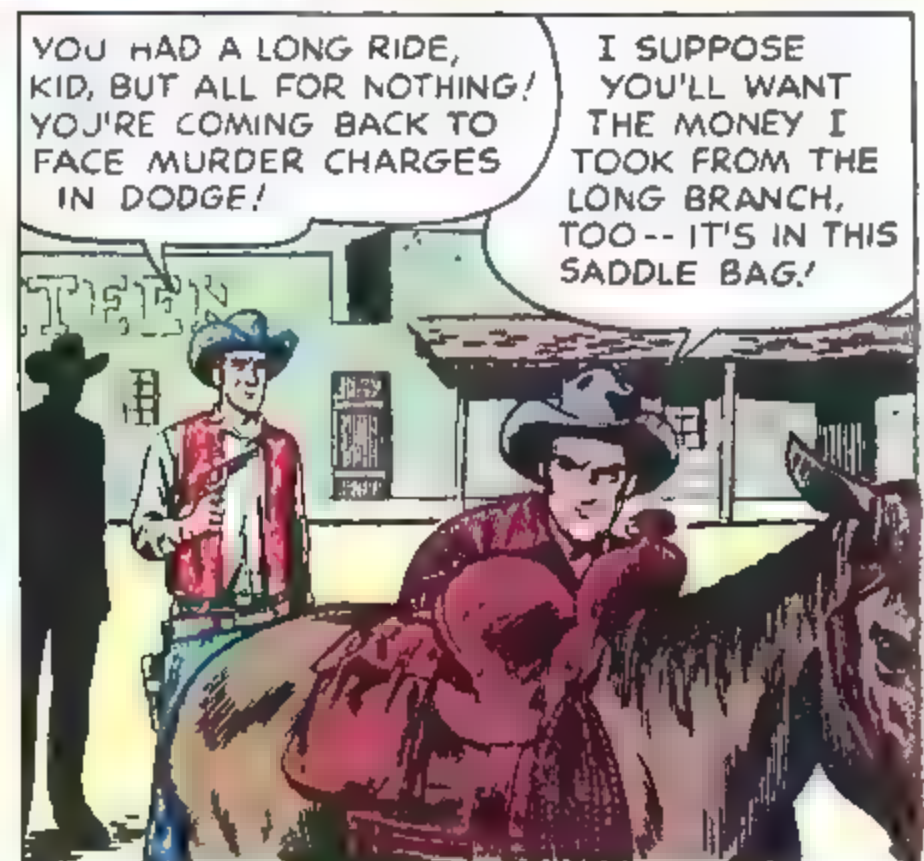
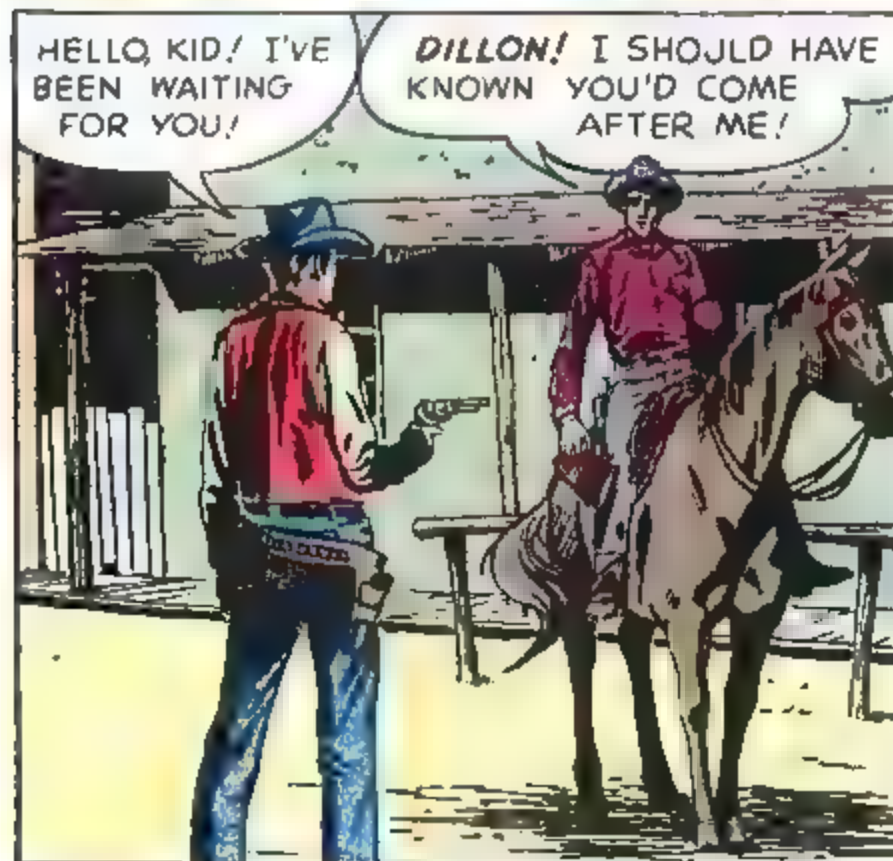
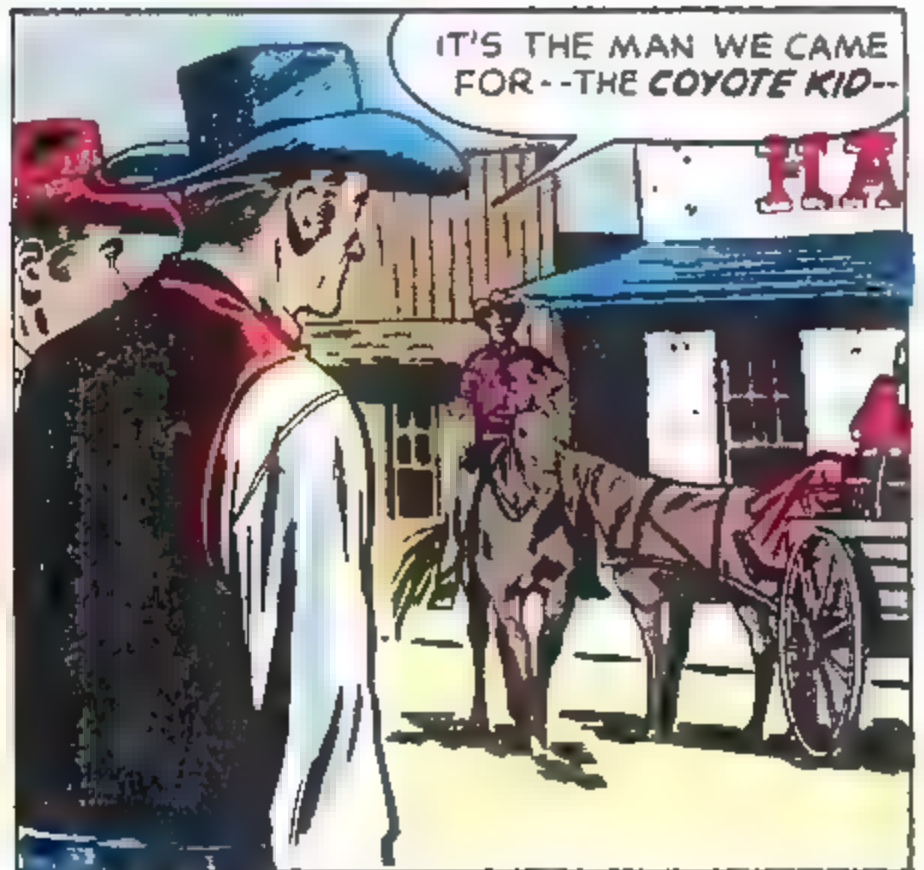
AS A MATTER OF
FACT, DIABLO COULD
USE A GOOD LAWMAN
RIGHT NOW!

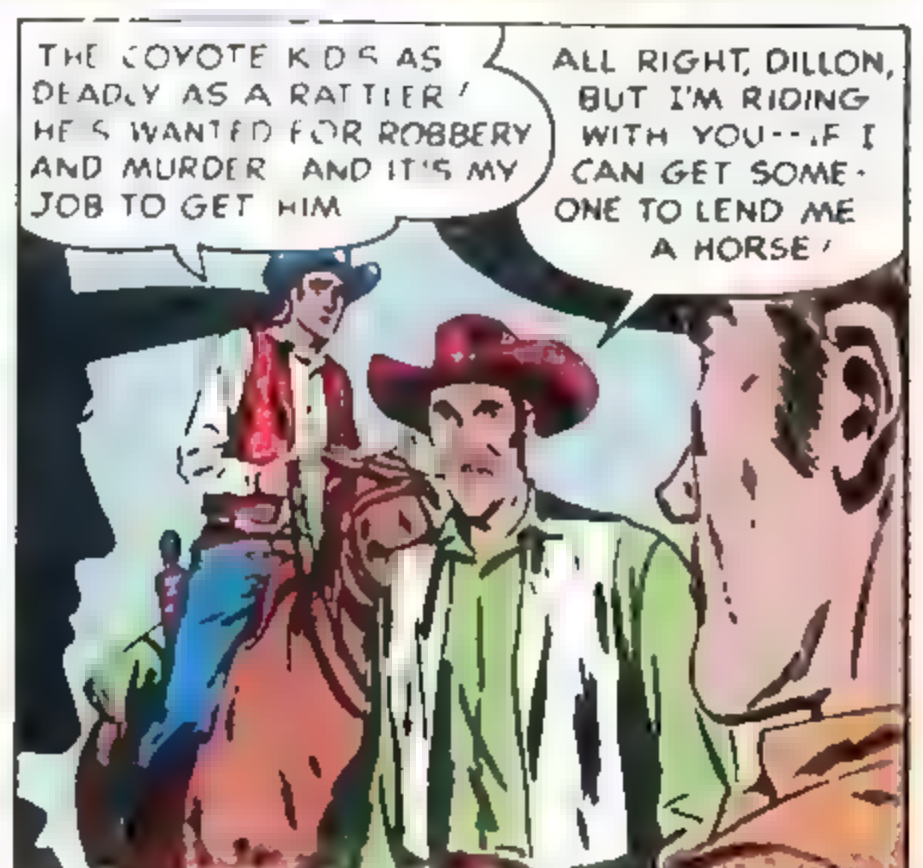
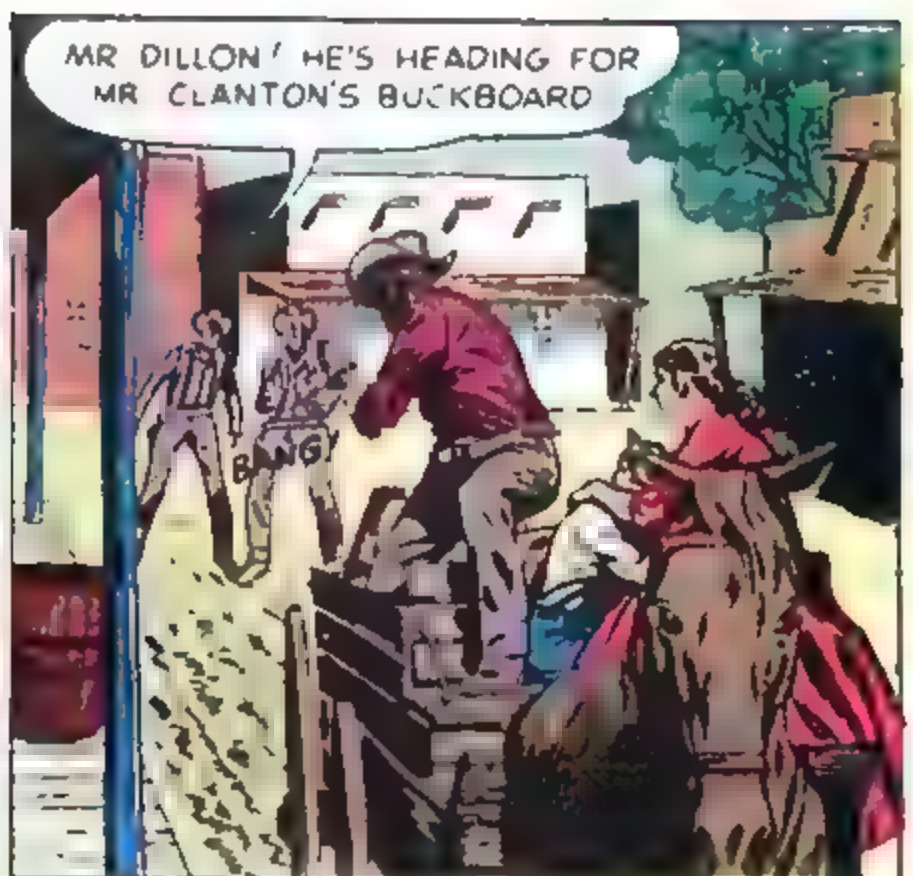
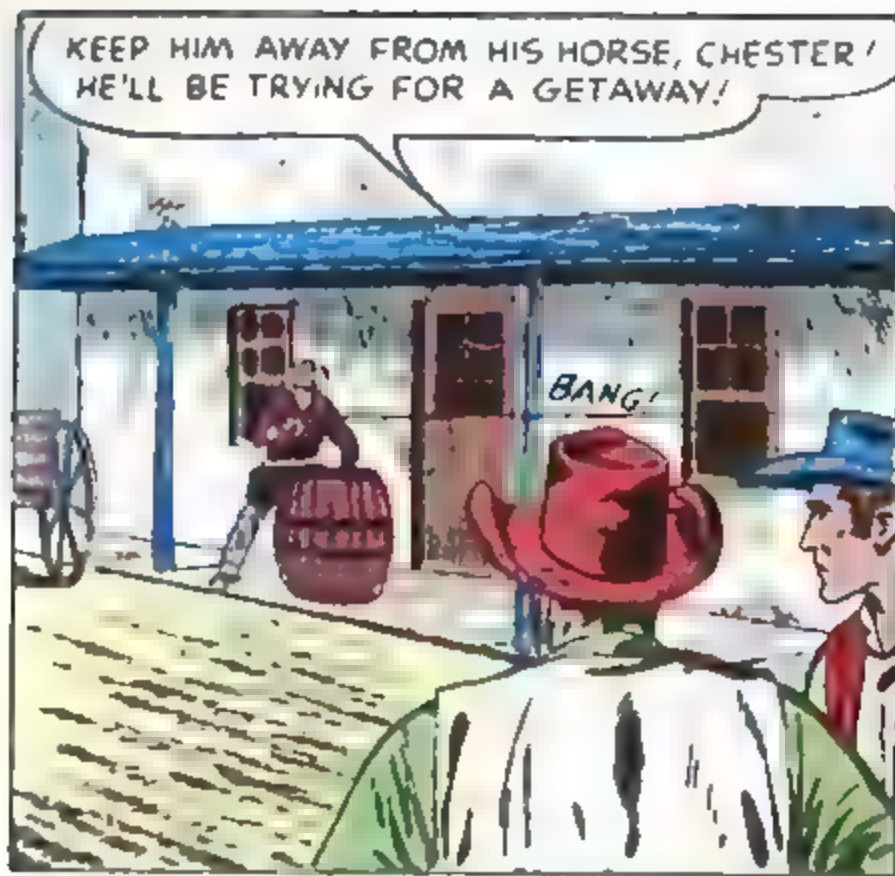
I'VE BEEN OF-
FERED THE JOB,
BUT I TURNED IT
DOWN! I'VE HAD
ENOUGH OF UPHOLD-
ING THE LAW--

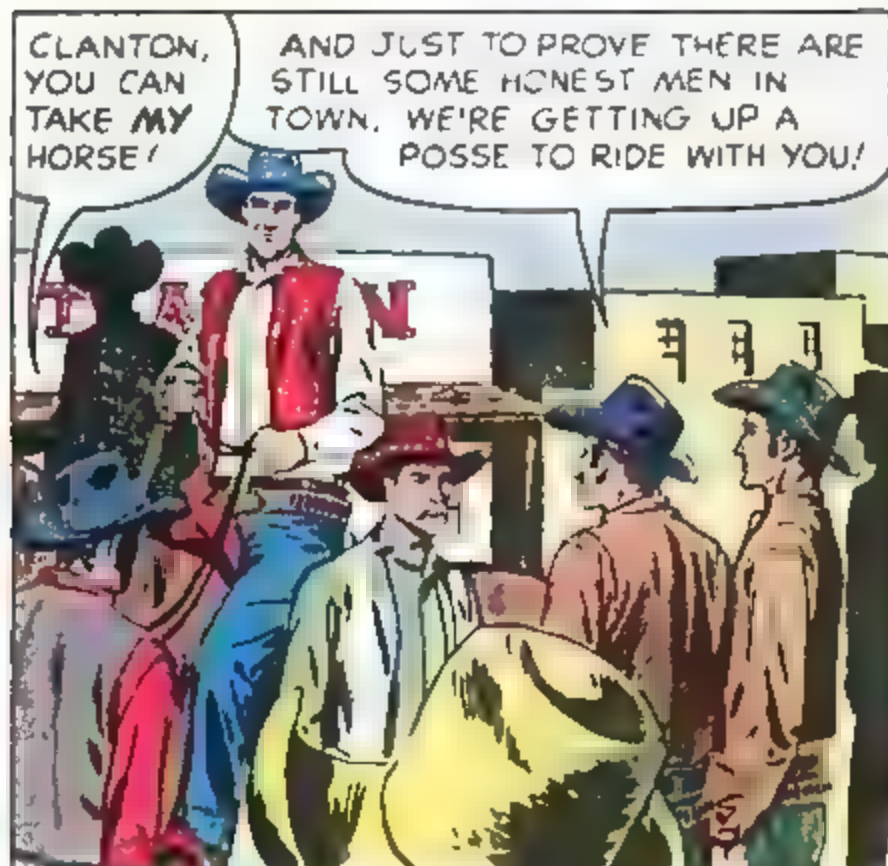


AND I'M DOING FINE NOW! I'VE GOT A SMALL
SPREAD OUTSIDE OF TOWN! GOT ME A WIFE
AND A SON! HERE THEY COME NOW!









CLANTON,
YOU CAN
TAKE MY
HORSE!

AND JUST TO PROVE THERE ARE
STILL SOME HONEST MEN IN
TOWN, WE'RE GETTING UP A
POSSE TO RIDE WITH YOU!

SOON.

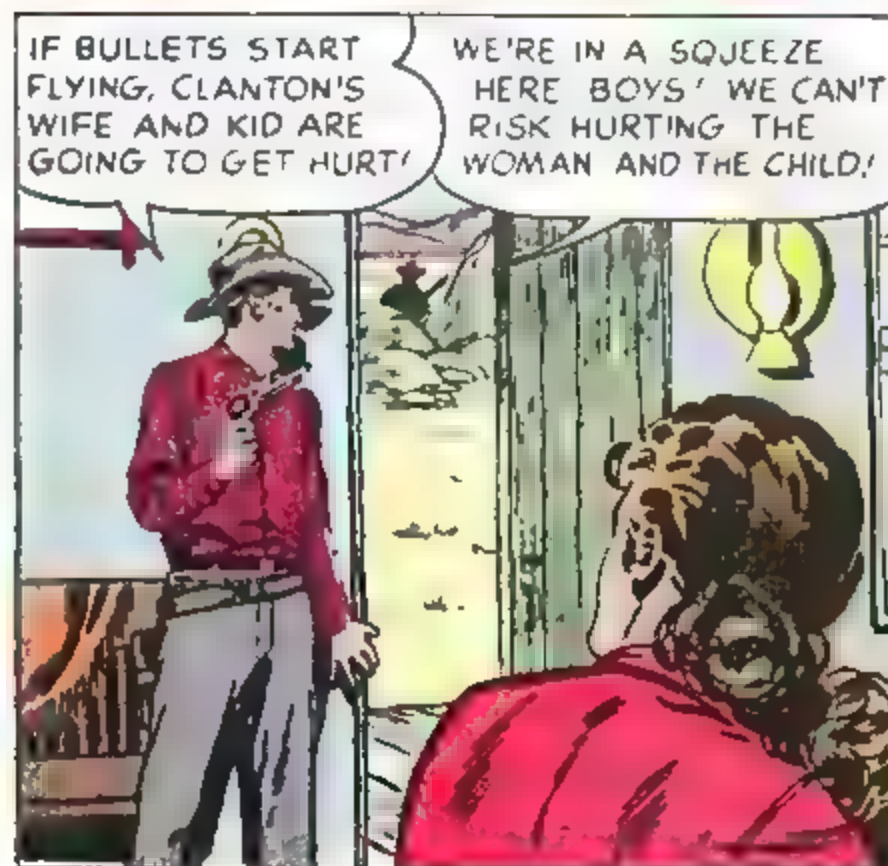
THAT BUCKBOARD
HEADED STRAIGHT
UP THE OLD SADDLE
MOUNTAIN TRAIL
TOWARD MY RANCH!

I GUESS THE GUNFIRE
SCARED YOUR HORSES--
THEY'D NATURALLY HEAD
FOR HOME!



JEHOSHAPHAT! THERE'S THE BUCKBOARD
NOW! THE COYOTE KID HOLED UP IN MY CABIN!

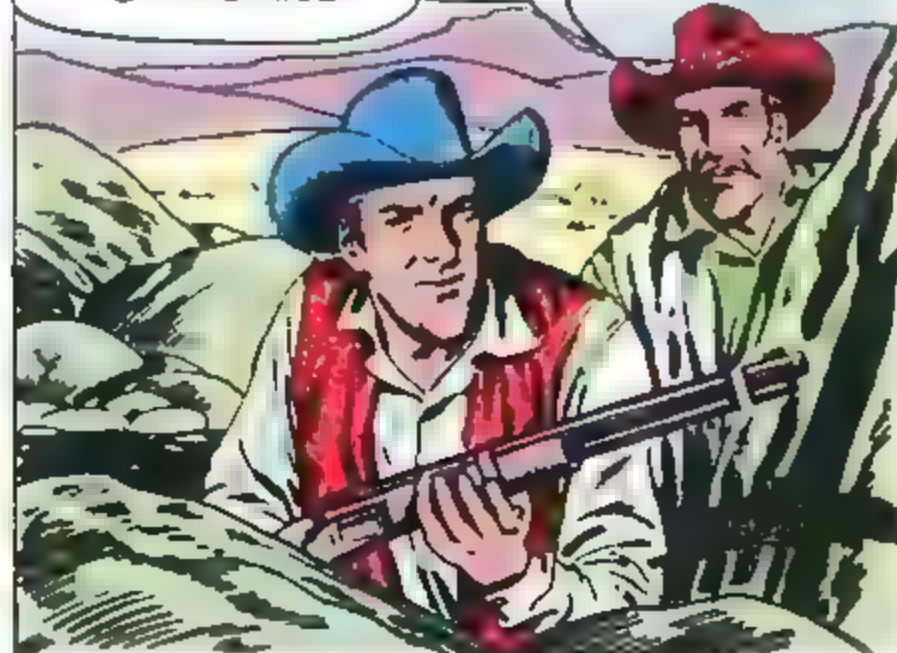
ALL RIGHT, DILLON, SO YOU'VE GOT ME
CORNERED! BUT BEFORE YOU TRY TO FLUSH
ME OUT, JUST REMEMBER WHO'S WITH
ME IN HERE!



IF BULLETS START
FLYING, CLANTON'S
WIFE AND KID ARE
GOING TO GET HURT!

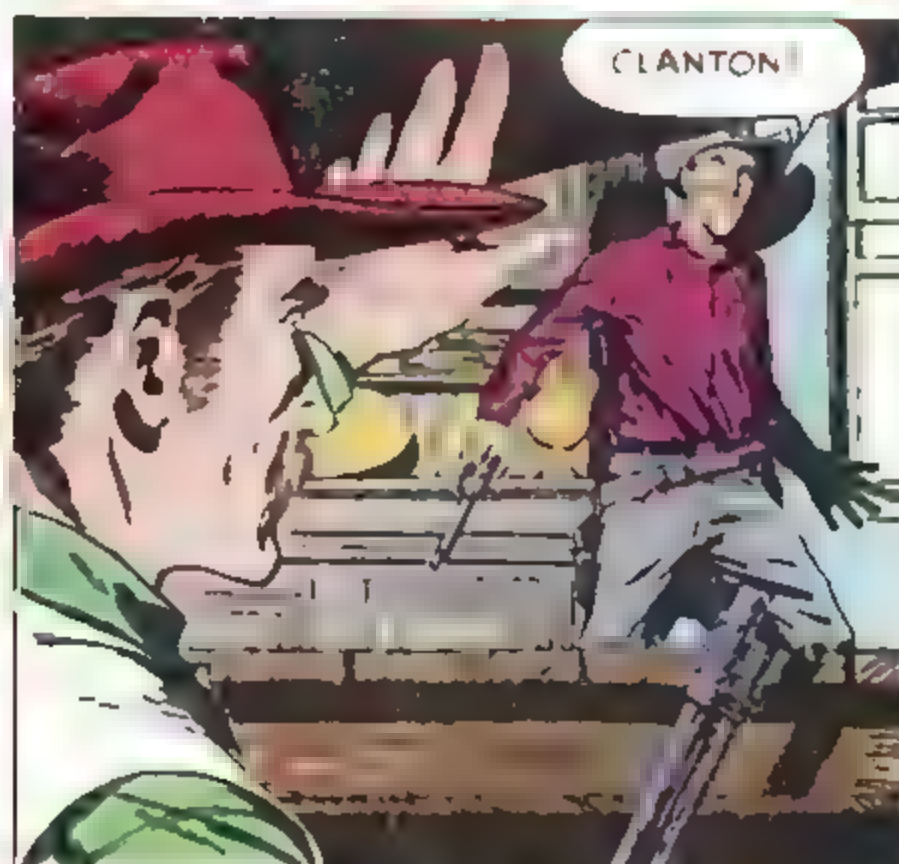
WE'RE IN A SQUEEZE
HERE BOYS! WE CAN'T
RISK HURTING THE
WOMAN AND THE CHILD!

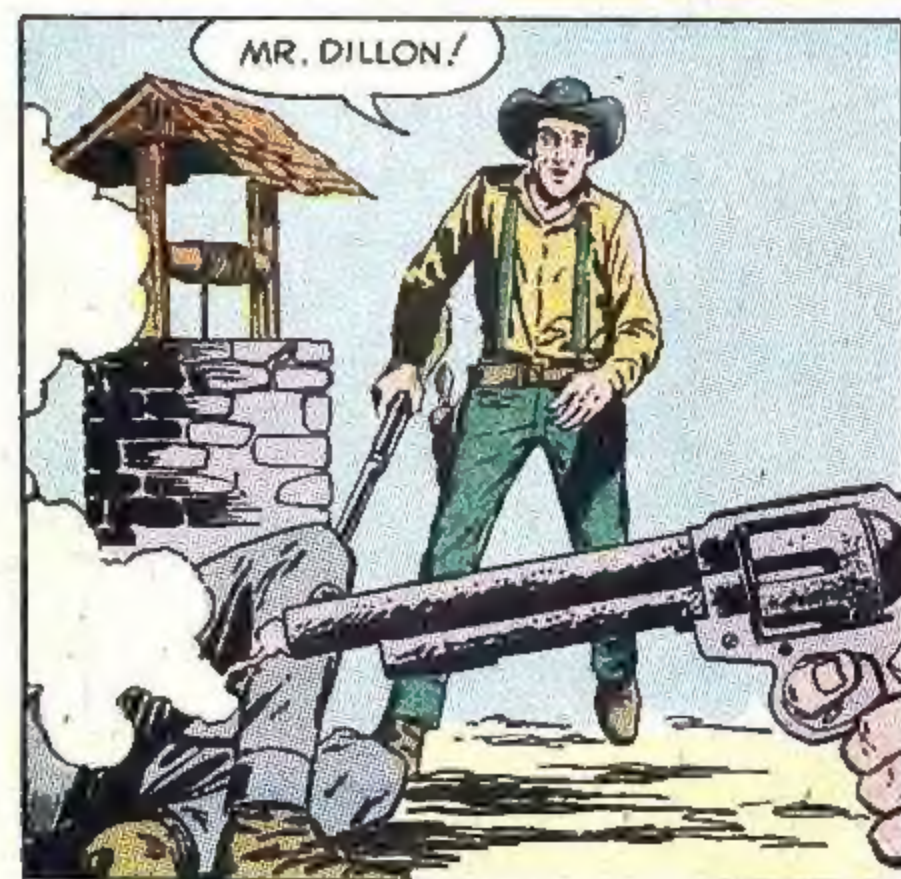
DILLON, THERE'S A BACK WAY INTO THAT CABIN
--A STORM CELLAR I BUILT INTO THAT EARTH
BANK BEHIND THE HOUSE! AND THERE'S A
HIDDEN ENTRANCE ON THE FAR SIDE
OF THE RISE!





SHORT MOMENTS LATER





LATER THAT DAY, IN DIABLO...

WELL, NOW THAT WE'VE GOT THE COYOTE KID PATCHED UP, I GUESS WE'LL BE HEADING FOR DODGE!

PUT HER THERE, MATT! I'M PROUD TO SHAKE YOUR HAND!



AND I'M MIGHTY PROUD TO SHAKE THE HAND OF DIABLO'S NEW MARSHAL, DAN CLANTON!

CAFE



DAN, WE JUST CAN'T FIGURE WHAT MADE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT THAT MARSHAL'S JOB.

RECKON IT WAS MATT DILLON THAT MADE ME SEE THE LIGHT! HE SHOWED ME THAT FOLKS CAN'T BUILD A PEACEFUL LIFE AS LONG AS THERE ARE BUZZARDS LIKE THE COYOTE KID ON THE LOOSE!



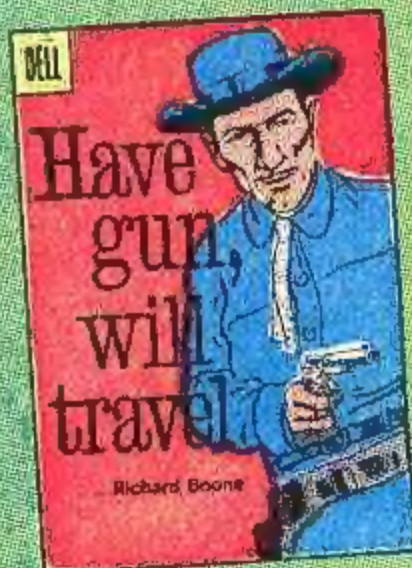
A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

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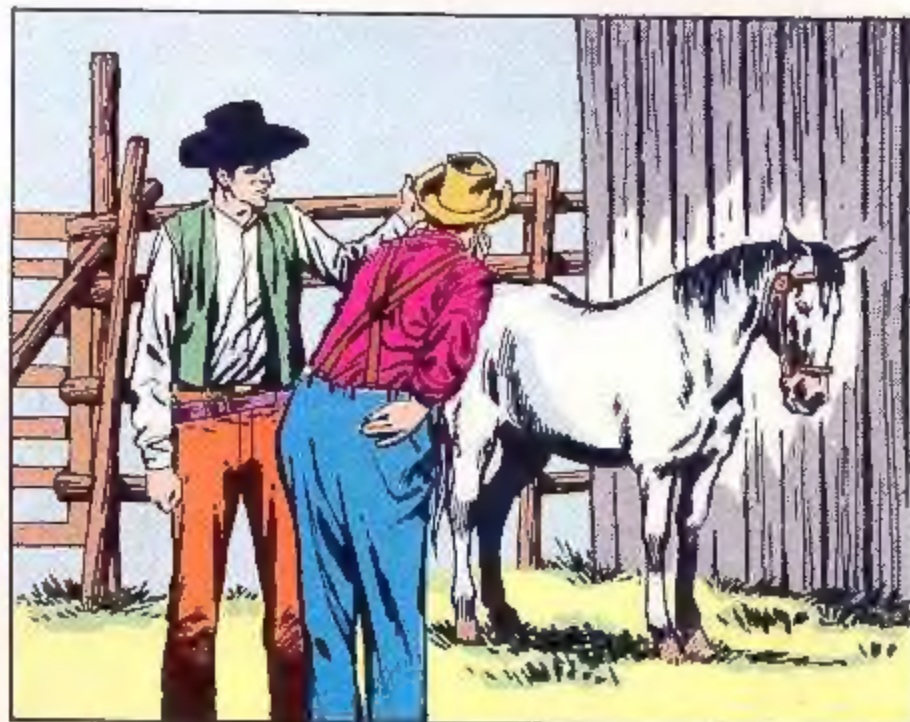


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TO THE PIONEER WOMAN, ISOLATED IN HER LONELY CABIN, THE ANNUAL VISIT OF THE TRAVELING PEDDLER AND HIS WAGON WAS A BLESSING.



THE WANDERING GUNSMITH ALSO FOUND A READY WELCOME IN THAT RAW LAND--WHERE GUNS WERE OFTEN A MAN'S MOST IMPORTANT TOOL.



THE HORSE TRADER TRAVELED FROM TOWN TO TOWN WITH HIS STOCK IN TRADE. ALWAYS A SHREWD OPERATOR, HE OFTEN HAD TO LEAVE TOWN IN A HURRY.



THE DENTIST'S WAGON WAS A REGULAR VISITOR IN THE FRONTIER TOWNS. HE OFTEN DID HIS JOB WITH THE ENTIRE POPULATION WATCHING.



THE MEDICINE MAN AND HIS CURE-ALLS WAS A REGULAR VISITOR TO TOWN. WESTERNERS LOOKED FORWARD TO THE FREE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE MEDICINE SHOW.

JUICY FRUIT GUM PRESENTS HAVE FUN SAFELY

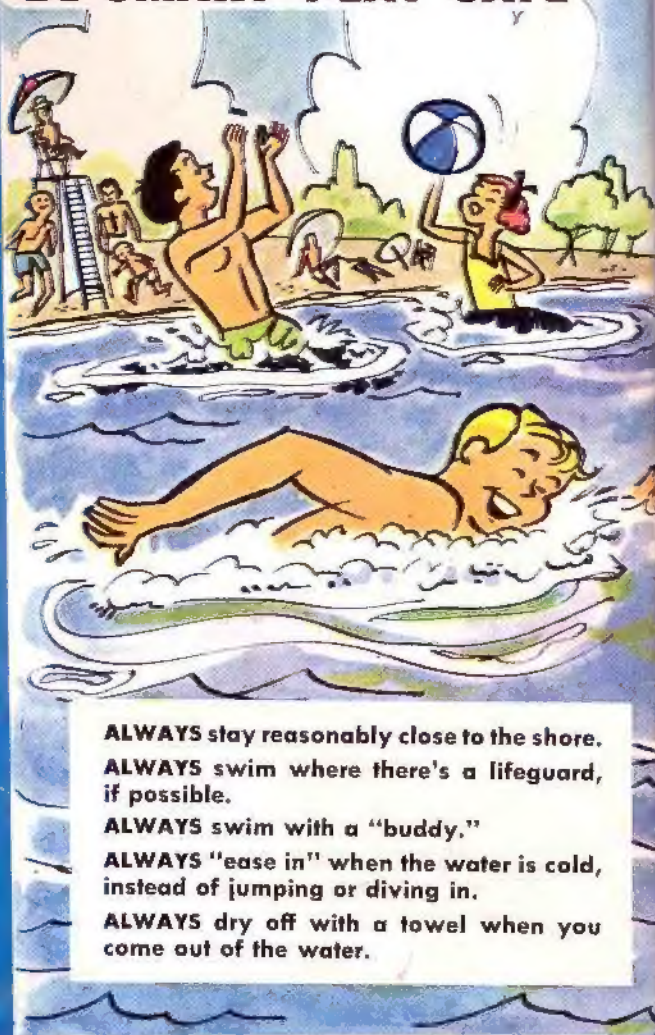


DON'T GET HURT



NEVER dive until you've checked with a long pole for depth, hidden rocks or logs.
NEVER swim when tired, overheated or chilled.
NEVER swim where there's a fast current or undertow.
NEVER duck or rough-house anyone in the water.
NEVER swim after eating a big meal.

BE SMART-PLAY SAFE



ALWAYS stay reasonably close to the shore.
ALWAYS swim where there's a lifeguard, if possible.
ALWAYS swim with a "buddy."
ALWAYS "ease in" when the water is cold, instead of jumping or diving in.
ALWAYS dry off with a towel when you come out of the water.

HERE'S ANOTHER SMART IDEA...

Juicy Fruit Gum has lots of delicious flavor—
and it won't spoil your appetite.

Ask your Mom to bring some home.

